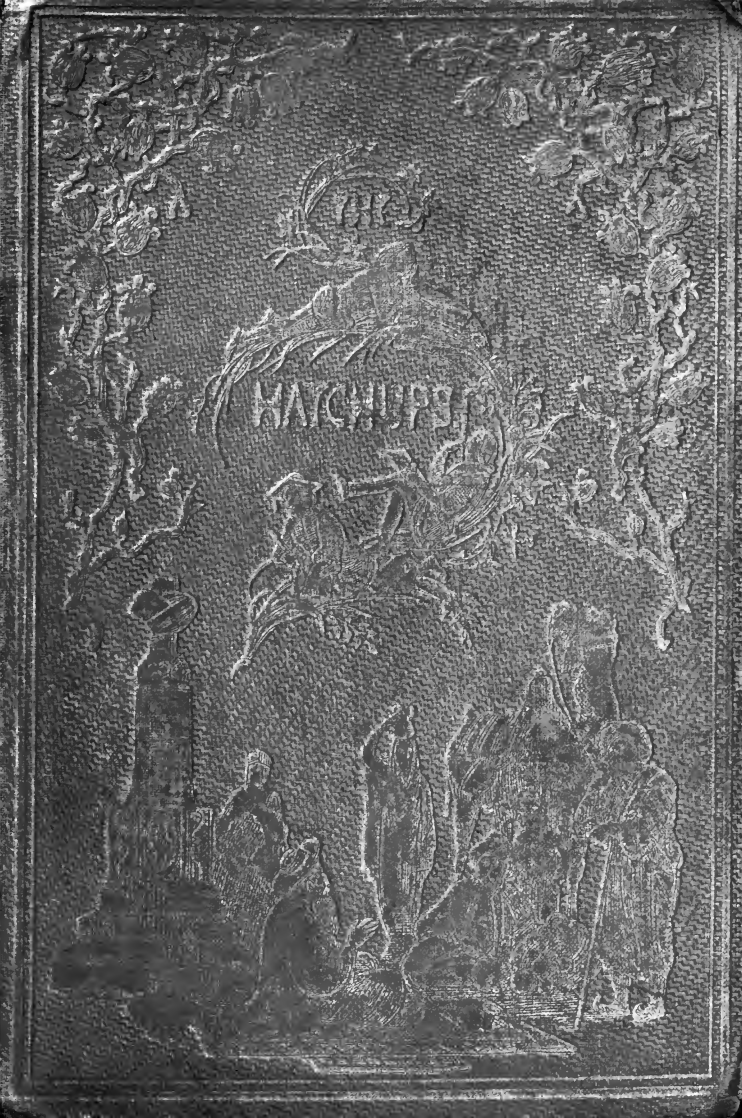

THE
HACKUPS

To
Dearest Mother
from her Brothers & Sisters
on her 7th Birth Day
6 March 1858

Gleason

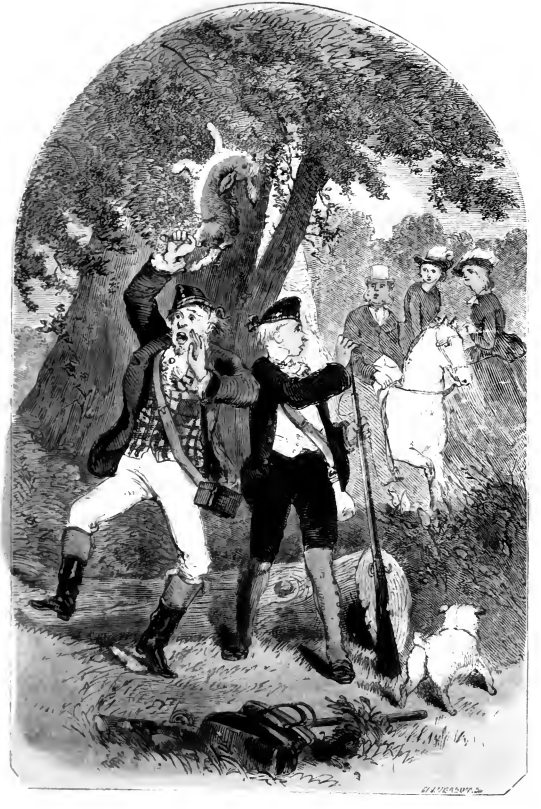
1895

THE

HATCHUPS

OF

ME AND MY SCHOOL-FELLOWS.



THE

HATCHUPS

OF

ME AND MY SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

BY

PETER PARLEY.

EDITED BY WILLIAM MARTIN,

AUTHOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED NATURAL PHILOSOPHY," "THE EARLY EDUCATOR," "PARLEY'S ANNUAL," ETC. ETC.

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PREFACE.

My dear young Friends,

When I was a boy—that is a long time ago, you will say—well, when I was a boy and went to school, I had a knack of hatching up stories to tell to my school-fellows after we had been sent to our dormitories; for we were put to bed as soon as it was dark, that we might be out of the way; and as six o'clock was rather too early an hour to go to sleep in the long winter evenings, I used to sit up in my bed and entertain my companions with various *odd* stories hatched up for the occasion; and so constant was I in telling them, that they were called "Parley's Hatchups." Now, although I hatched them, as it is called, I wish

you to understand that the eggs were laid in my mind long before, by what I had seen myself or heard from others; and, consequently, these "HATCHUPS" are not mere fictions, but are founded on truth. As such I trust my young friends will receive them; and I hope they will make merry with them, and laugh heartily during their holidays.

PETER PARLEY.

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HATCHUPS.

YOUTHFUL BRAVERY;

OR,

The Young Prince.

During the reign of Stanislaus, king of Poland, there lived in a lonely cottage on the borders of Russia, surrounded by bleak hills and dark forests, Caspar Hausen, a poor peasant and wood-cutter. He was married, and blessed with two children. One, however, could only be called his own—the other was what is called a foundling.

The cottage in which this family lived was a mere wooden hut covered with shingle, consisting only of two rooms, with a large fireplace, and the furniture merely a table, a rustic bench, and two or three stools and chairs made of the rough cuttings of the trees honest Caspar had felled. Their sleeping apartment was fitted up with the same rough furniture, and the inhabitants had skins to cover themselves instead of blankets, and bolsters stuffed with chaff instead of down pillows. Their food was, like their furniture, rough and coarse,

and consisted principally of black bread and gruel, sometimes a few pease, but very seldom any meal, cheese, or butter.

Caspar was generally out all the day felling trees, and took his boiled pease and black bread with him, while his wife worked hard on a little piece of ground which surrounded the hut, and attended to the milking of a couple of goats, while the boy and girl assisted her in various ways, and occasionally wandered into the wood to seek for the wild fowl, and catch such game as was free to be taken.

Young Albert was a fine spirited boy of his age; and although brought up by these rude people, gave scintillations of the noble birth he inherited from his ancestors. He was generally up with his foster-father, and would take his gun, boy as he was, go into the forest, and bring home a hare, a rabbit, and sometimes a wild goat. Caspar rather encouraged him in this; but the good cottager, his foster-mother, loved him as her own, and was never happy when he was away; and if he happened to be in the forest more than a few hours, she became very much distressed, and would leave her work and go in search of him; and never did she see him go out with his gun, but she used to kneel down and pray to God to protect him from the wolves and wild boars, which frequently came down from the upper forests, as they are called, to commit all kinds of devastation.

But it is time I told you something concerning this noble youth. You must know that the courageous little boy was the son of a former king of Poland, upon whom

his subjects had turned, and, having slain him, they determined to kill his son also, that when he came to mature years he might not come to the throne.

But Albert's mother happened to be the daughter of one of the highest of the Polish nobles, and this nobleman interfered with all his power to save his grandson's life. This could only be accomplished by tearing him away from his mother, which was accomplished most ruthlessly by one of the Italian cardinals The distracted mother clasped her fair-haired son to her breast, and appealed in the most piteous accents to the hard-hearted son of the church for pity: but he was inexorable; and the poor child was dragged from her embraces, and placed with Caspar, the wood-cutter, to be brought up as a wood-cutter's son. Thus poor Albert was thrown into a life of hardship and poverty, sometimes better, though, than to be heir to a crown. But he possessed, as it were by an inheritance of nature, the most noble qualities both of heart and understanding. He was open, bold, and kind-hearted; as alert as a weasel, as nimble as a squirrel, and had always a smile on his countenance, which is the sure sign of a good heart and a free conscience. As to fear, he knew it not even by reputation. He had, it is true, been occasionally startled by wolves, and even chased by them, but he heeded it very little; the delight of procuring his father and mother something for their supper, always made up for any dangers he went through.

Probably he would not have been allowed to go into the woods by himself, if his mother had known what

danger he had sometimes been in; but, being fearful of giving her alarm, he never told her of the narrow escapes he had, nor how often he had lost himself in the deep mazes of the forest. Once he rose early with his father, as I shall continue to call him, and soon after the old man had gone to his work, Albert took down his gun and went to the forest. At that time he had had but little experience with his gun, for he was too humane even to think of shooting the meanest creature for sport or pastime; but he wished to bring down something for the family wants, and after shooting at several bohacks, which is a little animal something like a rabbit, and following a young deer and its mother a considerable distance, he was surprised to see an old wolf with two cubs dart before him, and lose themselves among the trees. He immediately began to retreat, and after he had made his way through the entangled boughs as quickly as possible, for a few hundred yards, at last ventured to look behind, and his astonishment was great when he beheld the wolf close to his heels, creeping through the bushes with its head crouched, and belly touching the ground. Its eyes shot fire, and it seemed as if it would spring on him the next moment. Albert levelled his piece at the animal, and he could see the white fangs of her teeth glare at him through the twilight. The boy continued to retreat backwards, the wolf following him step by step. Sometimes he would lose her for a moment, and then he was uncertain whether she might not by a circuitous movement get before him, and spring on him that way; but he found, from intent observation, that

she still followed with a stealthy pace, and somewhat timidly, behind him.

Albert now determined to stand resolutely still, and if the wolf advanced, to take a deliberate aim and fire. As soon as he stopped, the wolf stopped, and the young ones came up and commenced pulling at her dugs. The youth advanced, pointing his gun directly to the eyes of the wolf, who immediately began to retreat. Albert fired, and without stopping to know whether he had killed or wounded the wolf, took to his heels, and never stopped till he had reached the extremity of the forest.

Some adventures of a similar kind had frequently occurred; and just in proportion as Albert had overcome his dangers, did he become fearless. It is true he always commended himself to God when he set off, and knew that he was doing what is right in procuring food for his father and mother and sister, for very often they suffered greatly from hunger. And these reflections tended to give him courage; and courage, and many other great qualities of mind, were necessary for him in the trying circumstances in which he was about to be placed.

The winter was now coming. The days were getting short, the leaves were falling from the trees, and those that still clung to the underwood and bushes were of an unnatural red. Storms of wind had torn up many of the forest trees, or thrown down great branches, and everything seemed to foretell a horrid season to come. Nothing could be more dreaded by the family

of Hausen than this, for at such seasons they experienced the most severe privations; for they were several leagues from the nearest village, and when the ground was covered with snow, it was quite impossible to travel to it without a probability of being lost and frozen to death.

Winters, on the German and Russian continents, are of a far more severe character than on the sea coasts or in the islands of Britain, and last much longer. Sometimes the snow will be for four months on the ground, and at these times the wolves and bears have been known to descend to the villages and carry off whatever living thing might fall in their way, whether human or not. Three or four winters before the one now approaching, the Hausen family one night heard a snuffling at the door of their cottage, and when they had opened the door, Ruff, the great Newfoundland dog, fell upon a famished wolf which had been prowling about for food; and so weak was it from long fasting, that the dog found no difficulty in mastering him, or the inmates of the cottage in killing him. These and similar occurrences made the Hausens look forward to the coming winter with considerable apprehension, although perhaps Albert thought as little about future dangers as anybody in the whole of Poland.

The winter was now setting in, but the weather had become unusually mild. It was the latter end of October, and the woods were still far from being bare, and the soil underneath was hard and dry; Caspar had commenced his autumnal work, and many gigantic trees

had fallen at his sturdy stroke. During this time Albert was his constant companion, and not a little useful to his foster-father. They generally rose at day-break, and walked five or six miles into the forest before they came to the place where the trees were ordered to be felled by the Grand Duke, whose property they were. Here they remained till the sun set, and then endeavoured to get home before it was quite dark, although they were often unable to do so. It was, however, very seldom that they were benighted, and when they were late, their anxiety and fatigue were soon forgotten in the cheerful yet frugal supper which was prepared for them by the good housewife in the cottage.

Caspar and his son had day after day been busily employed on the timber for nearly a month, and began to think that they should have a season extremely mild, during which they calculated upon felling a large number of trees, and by this means supplying themselves with many little necessaries which otherwise they would not be able to procure; but on the twenty-fourth of November, during the night, a violent storm arose, which woke the family from their sleep and seemed to threaten the cottage with destruction. A pile of fire-wood, which Caspar had prepared for his winter store, was hurled about and scattered to a considerable distance; several of the trees about the spot were torn up by the roots; and the wind howled and roared more horribly than ever they had heard it; in the morning, for a few hours, it seemed to abate, but afterwards set in more steadily from the north-west. Caspar called to Albert, "We must

not let this wind prevent us from going to the forest; we shall find many a tree ready felled for us, I have no doubt." So saying, they packed up food and went off, Caspar's wife begging of them to start for home at an early hour.

When Caspar and Albert reached the forest, they observed, with astonishment and terror, the effects of the storm. Trees in various directions had been torn up, some had been broken clean off in the middle or near the ground, while gigantic branches were strewn about in every direction. Above their heads, the soughing of the boughs, and the crackling of the timbers, and the hollow falling of detached branches, still made an awful music. As to the path which they were accustomed to proceed by, it was completely choked up by leaves and branches and fallen trees, and they were unable to reach the place of their labour till a late hour of the day. They, however, went cheerfully to work, and felled several trees, took their midday meal, and again laboured till the gloom of the evening was closing around them, which set in more early than usual, as the sky had become very black by accumulating clouds.

Caspar Hausen and his son began to think of home, and, slinging their hatchets over their shoulders, commenced their return. The wind had again risen, and they heard the thunder in the distance, which had a deeper and more hollow sound amid the stillness of the woods. Presently the lightning began to flash through the trees and smote their topmost branches. At last the thunder crashed like a thousand pieces of ordnance

directly over their heads, and at the same moment a large limb of one of the oaks was severed from its trunk, and fell between the father and the son, striking the former insensible to the earth.

A part of the branch had in its descent fractured Caspar's skull, and broken his right arm. Albert ran to his father and cut the bough away, which lay over his head. He found he could not speak. He called several times, "Father! father! dear father!" he lifted up his hand and it fell lifeless at his side. He raised his head, and the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils. "Oh! my father is dead," shrieked the poor boy, while the rain and hail descended in torrents, and the cold north-east wind seemed to pierce him through. The rain a little revived the poor man, who after a while opened his eyes to Albert, who knelt over him, but he soon closed them again and remained speechless.

Albert seemed now alive to the horror and danger of his situation. He was six miles from the cottage, and still further from any other habitation—his father dying, and the night setting in so dismally dark that he could scarcely see the face of his hapless parent. The rain and wind and hail still increased, and what was worse, the latter lay so thick upon the ground as to make it impossible to walk very fast. It would take him at least two hours to reach the cottage, even if he did not lose his way, and two more to return, during which time his father might die for want of assistance. And then he thought of his poor mother at home, and what she would suffer in consequence of their not

returning. He, however, made up his mind that he would not leave his father, during the night at least; but how to defend him from the snow and hail that continued to fall more thick than ever, and how to keep him from perishing from the cold, he knew not.

He saw that it required all his strength and courage to save his father's life, and therefore that it needed something to be done immediately; he accordingly went to work with his hatchet, and cut four poles about four feet high; for, as he found it quite impossible to lift his father to any sheltered spot, he saw it necessary to construct a shelter over him. He therefore placed the poles in the earth, and threw some cross pieces over them, which he covered with the thick pine branches, and at the same time closed up all the sides, except the front, with the same material. He then went down upon his hands and knees, and scraped all the wet leaves and hail from around and underneath the body, and placed some dry leaves, which he found in a sheltered spot, about him on every side.

The difficulty of this work was increased by its being performed nearly in the dark; but it was a satisfaction to know that he had completely stopped the entrance of the snow, which continued to fall without intermission, and had already covered the ground to the depth of nearly a foot.

Albert went every minute into this rude shed, and looked for returning signs of life, but found the body getting colder and colder. He knew that warmth was of the utmost importance, and would have kindled a fire

in the shed, but for fear of burning it down. Luckily the good dog Ruff was with them, and it struck Albert that the warmth of the animal's body might serve to keep the vital spark alive. Accordingly, he commanded him to lie down upon the chest of his foster-father, which the dog did without a scruple. Nor was this all; for he thought it possible to impart further warmth, and so kindled a fire at a little distance by striking a light with the cock of his gun, and then the brave boy heated some large stones, and placed them at his father's feet to keep up the circulation of his blood. He would have laid himself down at his side, and supplied warmth from his own body, but he thought that, should he fall asleep, he might not be able to defend him from any sudden danger, and so he determined to post himself on the outside of the shed, and wait patiently till the following morning. Accordingly, he loaded his gun with the largest buckshot, and made up his mind to all the dangers and horrors of the night.

It was, indeed, an awful situation for the poor child, who, now that he had rested from the excitement of his labours, began to feel deeply the accumulating terrors of the time. The snow continued to descend, and it was so dark between the trees, that he could not see a yard before him when out of the light of his little fire, and this seemed every moment in danger of being extinguished by the falling snow, and the great sheets of it which occasionally fell down from the trees overhead. He often listened for footsteps, thinking it possible that some one might be passing through the forest

—a better man than himself, who would be able to give his father some succour; but nothing broke the solemn silence around him, save the hissing of the wet sticks in the fire, and now and then the fall of lumps of snow from the trees around, as the gusts of wind shook them.

Albert had heard of ghosts, and believed, in common with the superstitious of the peasantry, that there were supernatural appearances, but he felt a quiet conscience within. He had done his duty for his parent as far as he could, and had been a dutiful son to his mother; nor had he neglected to trust at all times in Providence. He felt that, however lonely and terrible his present state might be, that there was a Being who did not suffer a sparrow to fall to the ground without caring for it, and who would not leave those desolate who put their trust in him. Composed by these reflections, he brushed away the tears that had for some time been standing in his eyes, and divided his time cheerfully between keeping up the earthly flame of one, and the vital spark of the other.

He had no idea of the time that had elapsed since the unfortunate occurrence; but he supposed it could not be far short of midnight. He could see nothing above him but darkness—the sky, and even the under branches of the trees, were alike invisible. His father still remained in the same insensible state, and without motion. The youth several times took a lighted brand from the fire, and carried it to the shed, and observed that he still breathed, and that poor Ruff kept his

place faithfully on the body. This gave him some hope that his father might ultimately recover; and he began to look forward towards daybreak, when he might hasten to procure assistance; determining, however, not to relax in his assiduity, he kept up his fire and a constant supply of warm stones to his father's feet, being the only means he could use in the present circumstances.

He had been a short distance from the fire in order to procure more dry boughs and leaves to keep up the flame, and had piled it well; not finding it to blaze up so soon as he expected, he knelt down to revive it with his breath. While in the act of doing this he was startled by a loud yelp, and in a moment Ruff sprang out of the shed, and was soon grappling with some fierce animal, which Albert, by its peculiar groan, knew to be a wolf. He instantly ran for his gun, which he had placed against a tree, and took aim towards the spot where the combat was going on. He could see nothing, and was fearful to fire lest he should kill his faithful dog, who was not only of the highest value to him at all times, but especially so at the present moment. He was afraid to call the dog off, lest the wolf should attack himself, and was equally apprehensive that the wolf should get the mastery of the dog. In this dilemma he thought that if he could suddenly kindle the fire it might afford him light to take aim, or if not it might frighten away the wolf. He therefore immediately took a dash of powder out of his powder-horn and threw it under the boughs upon the fire, which immediately

blazed up and illuminated the space around him; and what was the youth's astonishment to observe not one, but two wolves, fierce in their attack upon poor Ruff. He immediately advanced close to one, so as to take sure aim, and shot him dead on the spot; the other, no doubt alarmed by the blaze of the fire and discharge of the piece, would have run off, but Ruff held him down so fast that it was impossible for the animal to get away. He observed, though, that his poor dog was fearfully lacerated and growing weaker, although he had got his foe under him. He panted fearfully, but held him fast, while Albert encouraged him with the words, "Hold him, boy! bite him, boy!" which made him put out the remainder of his strength, while Albert deliberately loaded his gun, and coming close to the wolf, discharged it through his head, and the fierce creature rolled dead on the ground.

The youth now directed attention to his faithful companion, whom he found in a pitiable plight. His head and chest were torn by the fangs of the wolf, his foot was bitten through, and one of his legs seemed broken. Albert rubbed the wounds with snow to staunch the blood, and patted and caressed him, and even kissed him in reward for his courage. The poor dog wagged his tail, and gave other demonstrations of joy, and after drawing him to a proper distance from the fire, Albert again gave his attention to his father, not forgetting, however, to load his gun again, which he placed in a handy position.

No favourable change had taken place in the poor

man, who still lay in the same insensible state, and Albert longed yet more and more for the morning light. He sat in silence, and offered up an unuttered prayer to God for his late deliverance from danger, and a hope that he might be spared through the other dangers of the night. He began to think of his poor mother and sister till the tears came into his eyes again. From these sad thoughts he was, however, roused by Ruff, who pricked up his ears as he lay with his head on the ground, almost unable to raise it, and gave utterance to a stifled bark. He expected another attack from wolves; but after listening for some minutes he heard a faint shout of some one apparently in distress. He listened again, and heard a human voice distinctly, and in supplicating tones. He scarcely knew what to do, whether to return it or no; but he reflected that no one could harm him, who had nothing about him to court the robber or to incense the good. He therefore shouted loudly and listened, and heard again accents of distress. He was afraid to venture into the darkness of the trees, but thought it would be proper to enlarge his fire, which he did till it blazed up a considerable height. Whenever he listened he still heard the same accents of pain, and he concluded that they must proceed from some one who was unable to reach his beacon light—some benighted traveller who, like himself and father, had been overtaken in a snowstorm. But what succour could he afford? and might he not, by attempting it, endanger his own safety, and perhaps the still precarious life of his father?

Albert, however, resolved to venture as far as he could without losing sight of the blazing fire he had kindled, and to afford what assistance he was able. After another peep at his father, he took his gun in his hand, and proceeded towards the spot from which he heard the voice, every now and then stopping to utter a halloo, and to look back upon the blazing fire, which he could discern at a far greater distance among the trees than he supposed.

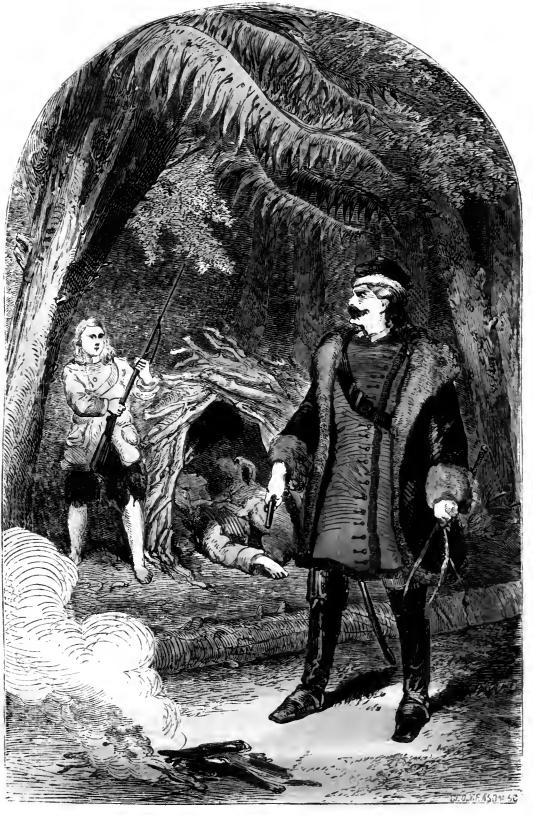
After a while he drew close to the spot whence the voice proceeded, and he was accosted in the name of mercy to help a traveller sunk deep in the snow.

"Where are you?" said Albert. "Here," cried the voice, "deep in this hollow, nearly perished with cold. Bear me to your cottage, and I will reward you well."

"I have no cottage. I am benighted like yourself, nor can I bear you, for I am only a boy; but if you can catch hold of this bough I will try to draw you up out of the snow."

Albert stretched forth a bough which he had cut off with his hatchet for the purpose, and, seizing hold of a small shrub with one hand, held the other towards the traveller, who eagerly grasped it; and after a few tugs, he managed to help him up to the top of the dyke, or hollow, into which he had fallen.

The stranger then told him that his horse was somewhere below, and that they had both fallen in together; that he had given himself up for lost till he heard the firing of the gun, and saw the blazing of the fire. Albert in a few words detailed to him his own disaster,



and his encounter with the wolves, and in a few minutes both were at the spot where Albert's father lay.

The stranger, whom Albert had now a distinct view of as he stood before the fire, was a tall person, somewhat above the middle age, and was dressed in a garb of a military cut, although not exactly in the Polish fashion. He was well armed, having a short thick sword by his side, and a brace of pistols. His countenance was mild and of a serious cast, and his whole appearance would have indicated to an adult observer his being a courier, or one conveying government despatches; but to the youthful mind of Albert he seemed simply a traveller who had lost his way, the boy being too much occupied by other matters to think or care about the quality of the person into whose company he had been accidentally thrown.

The stranger praised Albert for the attention he had shown to his parent, and assisted him in his further efforts, but seemed very anxious about his horse and effects, which were still in the hollow from which he had been extricated. He several times tried to persuade Albert to go with him to the spot, with a view to rescue the horse, but he resolutely refused, being determined not to leave his parent any more till the morning dawned. They therefore both sat down before the fire, and Albert offered the stranger a portion of some black bread which he had in his pocket, while the other produced a flask of brandy, and after taking a copious sup himself, gave the bottle to Albert, who refused to touch it, saying, "I never tasted brandy but once, and then it burned my

throat. I never saw anybody drink it but once, and he became foolish, and almost mad. I do not want to burn my throat nor become foolish." So saying the brave boy put a lump of snow into his mouth, and continued eating his hard bread with a relish that the stranger almost envied.

"But, my young friend," said the stranger, "the night is cold; we have had hard work, and shall have harder still; it will warm us, and give us heart."

"I have heart enough," said the boy. "I did not want your brandy bottle to help you out of the hollow; nor would it assist you in your accident, else you would have come to me instead of my coming to you."

This logic was lost upon the stranger, who solaced himself with another draught, and becoming now somewhat revived, began to ask a great number of questions concerning Albert's age, way of life, parents, and other matters, and discovered in him such straightforwardness of expression and simplicity of heart as not to be a little pleased.

The snow continued to descend rapidly, and the stranger expressed a fear lest his horse should be overwhelmed by it, and that he should lose his portmanteau and some valuables it contained. He several times asked Albert to go with him to the spot to assist him in bringing the portmanteau away, but this the boy as resolutely refused, on the ground of his being determined not to leave his father for a moment. "For," said he, "if I were to get lost my father would die, and my mother and sister be ruined for ever."

Finding words to be of little avail, the stranger took from his bosom a purse containing a number of gold pieces, which quite astonished Albert as they glittered by the fire light; for the poor youth had never seen but one piece of gold in his life, and this he had been taught to believe almost invaluable.

"My lad," said the stranger, "you have performed a service to me, for which I wish to reward you; but I still require further assistance from you. I will count you fifty of these gold pieces if you will go and fetch the portmanteau from my horse, and fifty more if you will bring the horse himself, or assist me to drag him; for I fear that long before morning both will be lost to me for ever."

"I am not afraid of going after the horse," replied Albert, "but I will not leave my father."

"But consider," said the stranger. "The gold will make your father a rich man. He can buy the cottage in which he lives, and a sufficient quantity of ground to support him all his days. Your father will come to no harm while we leave him for half an hour, certainly."

"Now just look at my poor dog," said Albert; "you see he cannot move; and suppose the wolves should come while we are away, before we can get back they may have eaten my father up. If I had not heard you *cry out* so, I should not have left him to come to you."

These rude expressions showed the mind of the lad: he had, at the voice of distress, been ready to assist, but he had too much love for his parent to be tempted to leave him for the sake of gold.

"But I must, I will save my property," said the stranger, who put on a menacing look, and laid his hand upon his sword. "I insist upon your lending me all the aid in your power," reiterated he. "I am willing to pay you for your help, and I will have it;" and he seized hold of Albert's arm.

"You cannot persuade me—you shall not force me," said Albert, and dashed away from him. "I will not move a step from this spot by threats or force. You have *no right to force me;* my parent is as dear to me as life!"

"Then take the consequences," replied the stranger; and drawing a pistol from his belt levelled it at the head of the boy. Albert, however, sprung to his gun, which he levelled at the stranger, saying, "This is a game for two."

The stranger could not but admire the active courage of the boy, whom bribes could not win, nor force intimidate, to do what he did not consider right, and the two opponents stood looking for some time at each other beside the blazing fire.

"If you move your arm," called out the youth, "I will fire. Drop your pistol, or—" and he put his finger on the trigger.

"Hold!" said the stranger, who felt himself at the boy's mercy; "I have no wish to hurt you. There is my proof." So saying he threw his pistol over to Albert, who immediately drew back.

"And now," said the boy, "as we understand each other, and as the day is dawning, and there is no longer

any fear for the wolves, I will help you to recover your steed on one condition, that you suffer me to use him to remove my poor father to his home, and assist me in this service."

"Agreed," said the stranger.

"Then follow me," said the boy, leading the way to the spot in which the horse was still floundering.

In a short time the horse was delivered from his perilous situation, and the still insensible body of the poor man laid upon it, and, supported on either side by the youth and the stranger, was gently led through the thick snow towards the cottager's dwelling.

"Youth," said the stranger, as they continued on their perilous way, "why do you live in this inhospitable spot? Why waste a life in misery, when, by joining the king's troops, you might fight your way to renown and wealth? Instead of cutting down trees, a lad of your spirit should cut down men, the enemies of your country. Join the army: the king rewards the brave."

"It is not necessary to go into the army to be brave; or if every man who thought himself brave were to join the army, how would benighted travellers fare when they lose their way in the snow? Brave men are needful by the fireside and in wild woods, when men go about with pistols and threaten death."

"True," rejoined the stranger, sullenly; and after this rebuff the two passed on for more than a mile without speaking.

At last they reached the cottage, and there in tears and wretchedness sat the poor woman and her children,

anxiously waiting her husband's return; but when she saw him stretched almost lifeless upon the horse, and viewed his pale face, she uttered screams of the wildest grief, for at first she thought her husband to be dead. When, however, she was given to understand that hope ought not to be abandoned, she dried her tears and set about the means of his restoration, so that, after some hours of unwearied application, the poor man opened his eyes. As soon as he did so he seemed to suffer an involuntary shudder as he fixed them on the stranger, and the first words that he uttered were, "It is the king!"

"The king!" ejaculated the mother, and fell upon her knees.

"The king!" echoed Albert.

"No, a subject," replied Stanislaus; "for I am subject to you by the right of conquest."

"Thank God that I was preserved from slaughtering my king," said Albert, and fell on his knees—not to the king, however, but to the King of kings.

"Youth," said the king, "you are not the son of Caspar Hausen, but of one to whom your country owes much. My visit to this forest was to find you, and to judge by my own observations whether you were worthy to fill a *throne*."

"A throne!" cried Albert, bewildered and astonished. "This is a dream."

"Know," said the king, "that I am childless. Long have I known that the son of the brave Waldemir lived, and where he lived. Justice must be done, and one who

can dare and do as thou hast done is worthy. Take this chain," said he, "and wear it as the gift of one who will henceforth be thy father."

It would be quite impossible to describe the surprise which this event occasioned to this poor destitute family, nor would it avail any good purpose to relate all the particulars of Caspar's recovery and their removal. Suffice it to say, that the two companions whom the king had lost in the forest found him in the cottage, and Albert returned with them to the city.

The king having intrusted the particulars of Albert's birth and history to faithful counsellors, had the youth placed in the hands of the first tutors, with a view to prepare him for the great destiny that awaited him. The cottagers were amply provided for, and after a period of sixteen years, the poor rude wood-cutter's son, as he appeared to be, was made King of Poland.

The lesson to be learned from such a story is, that we should always act firmly and prudently. It was firmness and prudence that made this rude lad the master of a king and of a kingdom. The same virtues duly exercised may make the meanest and poorest of the readers of this tale master of more than kings can purchase or kingdoms give—strength of character.

Albert governed his country for many years, and was one of the most firm and decided of monarchs, and especially the friend of justice and humanity. The lessons of his early life were not thrown away upon him; he always had a heart open to the complaints of the poor and destitute, and he both lauded and rewarded

virtue in whatever situation of life he might happen to find it.

It is not every young person who can be a king; but every one may emulate kingly virtues, or those virtues called kingly,—not because kings are the most virtuous of men, but because they ought to be. To be a true king is to have the complete mastery over our thoughts, feelings, and passions, and so to train ourselves that in all exigencies we are equal to them. And in this respect, happy are they who are born to activity and trial—the best trainers to make boys great men, and men what they should be.

THE FROLIC:

The Story of an Ink Bottle.

Horace Philips and his sister Constance were among the wildest and gayest of the playmates of my childhood, and yet none were so dearly loved as they. The generosity of Horace's disposition led him to take part with every small boy in the school, while his sister's sweetness of disposition made her the peacemaker in every dispute among the girls. It was on a pleasant spot too, that dear old school-house of Master Fenn, overshadowed by green trees, and with here and there a glimpse of some bright spot between the branches. The wild rose grew beside our pretty playground, and the violet reared its modest head as the sunbeams played upon it, and formed a pleasing contrast to the magnolia and the jessamine, and the little knots of myrtles, clustering round Master Fenn's door.

Old Fenn was as worthy, as kind-hearted, and fond an old schoolmaster as ever lived. There never was a man more delighted to reward and encourage a good boy than he was; and the pride, the honest worthy pride that the old man exhibited when his young folk acquitted themselves well, showed how much his heart was in their welfare. Indeed, he was the pattern of a schoolmaster; strict, but paternal; rigid in the performance of

school duties, but bland and full of love when duties were over; and he would run, and skip, and jump with his pupils in the meadows, roll on the grass like a child in the ecstasy of delight; go cowslip gathering, nutting, mushrooming, watercressing—anything and everything but bird-nesting or such cruel sports; and be playmate, father, companion, and friend to his dear children, as he used to call them, at all seasons, at all times, and on all occasions.

But however good schoolmasters are, boys will be wicked; and among the numerous scholars at Fenn's school were three by the name of Jones, Smith, and Brown, who were about as pretty a trio as could be well selected for any fun, frolic, or mischief that might be at hand. Here you see them: Master Brown with his book before him but he not looking at it. His hands are in his pocket; his talisman is there; he is fumbling some dozen marbles and counting his hoards, and thinking who he shall play with when school is over. Then Smith and Jones on the other side, what are they doing, you will say; not their lessons, you may be sure of that; not they; they are doing what many boys do at school, playing noughts and crosses. In short, the trio are a trio of idle ones.

Idleness, as I dare say you have often heard, is the parent of mischief: and this she certainly is in this instance. The good old schoolmaster is away for a few minutes speaking to a good lady who has called to place a new boy in the school, which, as ladies in such a case are generally very eloquent upon the virtues of their

children, will detain him for some little time; therefore idleness will have time to bring forth her darling.

"I say, Smith," said Brown, "it's very hot this afternoon. I declare my head aches over this abominable grammar. I wonder what they ever invented it for, except to plague us school-boys, and keep us pent up, far away from fun and frolic. I only wish I had the man here that wrote this book, and see if I would not punch him."

"Your grammar is not half so bad as our geometry," said Brown. "Here we have been in a fix about extracting a cube root for this last hour, and it won't come right, and so we are having a game of noughts and crosses to make up for lost time."

"I only wish I could have a game at something," said Jones; "for to tell the truth, I have not had a good dish of sport for a long time, and I long for some; so, hurrah for some fun! But stay, here comes Horace Philips and his sister; let us see what they say. I say, Horace, did you see Master as you came in?"

"Yes," replied Horace; "he is just gone up the street with a lady."

"Gone up the street! Capital! That is just the very thing. I say, Horace, we are going to have such a game. Come, who's for a frolic?"

"I for one," cried Brown; "I for another," said Smith; "and I for another," said Horace, tossing up his cap in the air. "Come, girls and boys, follow your leader."

"I shall not do it," said Rose Dacre, who was in an adjoining room; "and I hope you will not, for it will be very painful to Master if we get into any mischief; and what is the good of it?"

"What is the harm of it, Rose? We are only going to have some fun," said Constance; "we shall not do any harm. Oh do not spoil our fun. I will follow Horace, and you can follow me; and so now for a race to begin with;" and the wild romp caught Rose round the waist, and raced her round the room again and again, while her dark ringlets fell in confusion over her shoulders; and her hat, nearly full of buds and blossoms, showered them on all sides.

Jones now drew a key from his pocket, and calling the boys around him, quietly said: "You know that Master has been terribly ill-tempered for these last few days, and given us double tasks; here is the key of his cupboard, where he keeps his large bottle of ink. Won't it be fun to smash it, and let all the ink run about? nobody will know we did it."

"Let's do it," said Brown; "let's do it," said Smith. "Stop," said Horace; and Constance and Rose were both going to say stop, but before they could do so, Jones had opened the cupboard door, and there stood the large two-gallon stone bottle of ink, among piles of spelling-books, slates, copy-books, and paper. "What shall we do it with?"

"Oh, anything," said Brown. "The poker! the poker!"

Smith ran for the poker, and in an instant brought it to the cupboard, and made a blow at the bottle. Crack, smash it went, and the contents flew about in all directions, especially over Horace, Rose, and Constance, who had endeavoured to prevent the catastrophe.

"Shut the door, lock the door," said Brown. "Let the ink run. O, it's capital fun! won't he be savage!"

The door was closed, and a consultation held as to what was next to be done; but before anything could be determined on, the footsteps of the schoolmaster were heard. The lads ran to their places, and seated themselves at their books; the girls did the same, and all looked as calm, demure, and quiet, as if nothing had happened.

Now Mr. Fenn was a very shrewd man; and, knowing by experience that when the cat is away the mice will play, was rather surprised at the unusual stillness that prevailed. He looked around him—at the windows, the desks—no—all seemed undisturbed, and so he sat himself down. "You have been dear good children during my absence," said the old man; "and as I have been rather strict these last few days, I propose giving you a holiday at three o'clock."

"Thank you, sir," said Smith. "Very much obliged to you," said Brown. "It is very kind of you," said Jones. "I am sorry we did not know it before," whispered Horace. "And so am I," said Constance. "And so am I," said Rose. "Well, it's done now, and can't be helped," said Smith: "pray don't tell. I wish I could get the cat, and put it into the

cupboard. I'll try to do it by and by, and then it will be laid to her."

But by this time the ink began to ooze under the bottom of the cupboard door. The children saw it, and were terribly frightened, knowing that an investigation must shortly follow: first, a small stream appeared, this gradually increased till a large pool was formed on the floor. The children eyed it askance, and seemed doubly intent on their books; at last, the schoolmaster descended from his rostrum, and walked towards the boys, overlooking their sums, and, in doing so, walked through the ink, distributing it pretty freely over the other parts of the floor, without at all being aware of the disaster, as his eyesight was not very good, and he wore spectacles.

The boys Brown, Smith, and Jones, chuckled with delight, while they trembled at every joint, to see the beautiful paintings, ink drawings, upon the floor, as the schoolmaster passed along, and every time he passed through it, were ready to burst with laughter. Brown crammed his pocket handkerchief into his mouth; Smith pretended to take something out of his shoe; but Jones sat as calm and unconcerned as if nothing had happened; while Horace was as pale as death, and Constance and Rose were covered with blushes.

"Oh my goodness, sir," Smith at last cried out, suddenly. "Oh, what a mess of ink; and see, sir, you are up to your shoes in it, and splashing it all over the school."

"Ink! what ink?" said the master.

"The ink you are treading in—a pond of it, sir, a pond of it. There, sir, you are splashing it up with your toe, and it is all over your white stockings."

"Dear me, dear me," said the old man, "it is true; my ink bottle has burst." So he took the key from his pocket, and opened the cupboard door.

A very pretty mess presented itself within the closet. The ink had bulged out of the broken bottle in one capacious cascade, scattering dark blots on every side, and deluging writing-books, slates, quills, pencils, shelves, and floor, with its inky pall.

"Hic niger est!" said the poor schoolmaster, throwing himself back, and elevating his hands and eyebrows in the most supreme astonishment. "This is, indeed, a black business—an extraordinary one. Thirty years have I been a schoolmaster, above a hundred such bottles of ink have I made, and never did one serve me in this way before."

"I dare say the bottle is old, and worn out, sir," said Jones, who put on a solemn face, while his sides were twittering with a giggle, with great difficulty suppressed.

"Or the weather is so hot, sir," said Smith. "All the ginger beer bottles went last week, sir; and our bottle of cowslip water burst just in this manner."

"And don't you recollect, sir, how the water butt burst in January, when it was not half so hot as it is now?" added Brown.

"Yes; and the steam-engine, while Mr. Samson was lecturing," added Smith.

"Yes, and my cannon on the last fifth of November," said Jones. "Things will burst, you know, sir." Little did the boys think that a more grand explosion was at hand; and, from the cool manner of the schoolmaster, thought the danger of detection nearly over.

But Mr. Fenn was not a man to observe effects without considering their causes; and when he considered that nut galls and sulphate of iron and a little gum had no chemical properties which could generate an expansive gas, he began to think that the disaster could scarcely arise from any self-generated power, and that some outward force must have been applied.

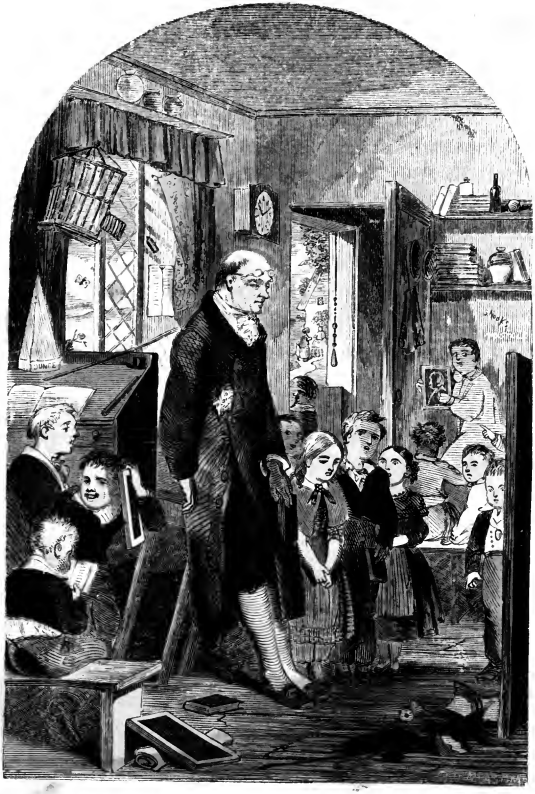
"Something has been in this closet," said he, "I am certain. Have any of you seen the cat lately?"

"The cat, sir?" said Jones. "Did not you see it run off when the door was opened. You saw it, didn't you, Brown?"

"O, yes; she scampered off quite frightened; no doubt it's the cat's work. I am sure there are mice in the closet; for I often hear them scratching."

Mr. Fenn made no reply to this observation, but, fixing his eyes upon the broken bottle, seemed to be in what is called a brown study; now and then putting his fore-finger to his forehead, and then, after a slight fidget, scratching the nape of his neck; and then he pondered again, the little group viewing him with looks of the most intense anxiety.

"No cat could break a bottle like this," said the old man. "It has received a dreadful blow in front. A catastrophe it is, but comes not of a cat."



"I have heard that *rats* are so strong with their tails as to break a cat's leg, sometimes," said Brown, somewhat alarmed at the deep consideration being given to the subject.

"And I have heard, young gentleman," said the schoolmaster, "of boys being so clever with their tales as to break their own necks. There is something more in this than can be unravelled by my philosophy. Stand forth, Brown, and Smith, and Jones, and Horace Philips, and Constance, and Rose Dacre; let me look in your faces."

And so the old man, having arranged them in a line, began, with looks as black as the whole bottle of ink, to scrutinise the offenders. "Ah! ha!" said he, as soon as he saw the ink blots and spots upon the frill of Horace's shirt, and on the dress of Constance, "here is the cat! here she is! O, naughty pussy!" taking hold of Constance, and pulling her forward; "and here is the ugly rat, with the long strong tail, able to break an ink bottle!"

Poor Constance and Horace trembled all over. The girl, in an agony of grief, burst into tears, and fell at her master's feet—"Oh, forgive me, sir, pray forgive me!" she cried in piteous accents.

"Oh yes, pray do forgive us, dear master," said Horace; "we are in fault; we will never do the like again."

"That you never will," said the schoolmaster, "never;—for from this time I shall confine you to a room by yourselves till I can send for your parents to take you away. Wicked children! whom I have loved

so, to whom I have given so many indulgences, whom I have attended like a nurse in sickness, and like a father in sorrow."

"Pray do not, sir; pray do not, sir," sobbed both the children.

"Your tears, your terror, your words, convict you. I now, therefore, banish you from my affections, and, this instant, depart to the little room above, where you shall remain all day, and to-morrow you shall leave this house for ever."

Rose Dacre now interfered—"I am quite as bad as she is, sir. It was I joined with her in her frolic, and we raced round the schoolroom like mad things. Do not punish her and not me; pray do not."

"I know," said the schoolmaster, "that Constance is a wild, giddy, careless girl, and that you would not be the first to propose any infringement of order, although you might join in it. It is enough for me to punish those who are the ringleaders in this affair. What have you to say to it, Brown?"

"You see, sir," said Brown, "it was all quite an accident; we were getting a writing book, and the bottle upset; we could not help it, indeed we could not."

"And pray how came this *rat's tail* here?" said the schoolmaster, taking up the poker, which had been carelessly left in the closet; "methinks it is pretty long, pretty stout, and pretty stiff,—quite enough so to break an ink bottle."

The boys were dumb-foundered, and looked at the same time very foolish, as most young people do when they are found out.

Horace and Constance, although well conscious that this wicked trick was by no means theirs, and that they had been dragged into it by wicked companions, had yet too much honour and generosity to accuse others to screen themselves, and remained for some time silent. At last Horace spoke. "Nobody," said he, "can be more sorry than I am for this disaster; but I am sure of this, my dear sister was not at all in fault—was she, boys?" appealing with a confident look to his other playmates.

"Oh, I don't know anything about it," said Brown; "I can't tell who was in fault, and who wasn't."

"It's no use asking me," said Smith; "I never know anything about anything."

"All I know," said Jones, "is, that it wasn't me. I don't want to accuse anybody; I would not be a blab or a tell-tale for the world."

Mr. Fenn only heard a part of this colloquy, being busied in taking up his writing books, spelling books, copy slips, and papers from the pools of ink in which they lay sopping, his wrath growing more and more unappeasable at every new evidence of destruction. At last he turned sharply round. "Horace," said he, "your wickedness would induce you to inculpate others. I will make an example of you before you leave this school, depend upon it;" so saying he seized his cane and dealt sundry cutting arguments upon the poor lad's shoulders, till Rose and Constance rushed in to screen him from further violence.

"Oh, pray sir, dear sir! we will never do so any

more; pray forgive us;" and Constance hung upon the old man's arm till she weighed it down.

"I will punish him as he deserves; a horsewhip would be good for him; but come, both of you, away into the upper room, and there in confinement shall you remain till bed-time; go along—go."

So saying, the excited schoolmaster forced Horace and Constance up the narrow staircase into the small punishment room above, and with many upbraidings, in reply to their tears and requests for forgiveness, shut the door upon them, which he doubly locked, bolted, and barred, determining within himself that they should remain there till a pretty late hour in the evening. He then returned to the schoolroom, and addressed, as he supposed, the more innocent of the culprits.

"Boys," he said, "I do not know how far you may be connected with this affair; but I am induced to believe that you are the less guilty of the party. I know that mad romp Constance well; and as for Horace, the evidence is with him *primâ facie*, for his face is covered with ink. This I am determined upon, that he and his sister shall remain where they are till bed-time, and all day to-morrow, till their friends arrive to take them away; and, as for you, I shall make you pay for the damage done between you."

"We shall be very glad to do it, sir," said Rose Dacre.

"I'm sure I shall not pay out of my pocket-money," said Brown; "if father likes to pay it, he can; I won't."

"Put it down in the bill as spoilt stationery, sir," said Smith.

"Call it broken windows, sir," said Jones; "it's all the same. It's no use letting our parents know about such nonsense."

"Boys, I am ashamed of you," said the schoolmaster; "these suggestions are wicked and dishonourable, and it proves to me that you are unworthy my confidence. So far from exacting from your parents any sums of money to make good your delinquencies, I insist upon the damage done being made good out of your own pocket-money; and think yourselves lucky if you do not get a thrashing into the bargain;" so saying, the schoolmaster turned away and left the schoolroom.

"A pretty mess you have brought us into, Brown!" said Smith, with a look as sulky and ill-favoured as anybody could manufacture, under the most unfavourable circumstances.

"'Twasn't me," said Brown.

"'Twas you," replied Smith; "I should not have thought of it. 'Twas you that called for the poker; if you had not called for the poker, I should never have thought of it."

"'Twas you that stole the key, and you know what you had the key for beside—I could tell if I liked."

"Pray do not quarrel," said Rose, who interposed; "we are all more or less guilty. *I*, for concealing, *you* for doing."

"Oh, you are going to be a blab, are you, Miss!" fiercely retorted Brown; "well, go and blab: we shall only get

a good thrashing; it will be soon over, then we shall get sent home, and wait till the end of the quarter till we get a new school. The quarter has but just commenced; for my part I should like it: I should have some holidays."

"If she blabs, I'll blab too; I can tell something of her," growled out Smith.

"I am sure," said Rose, "neither you nor any one can tell anything to my discredit, and therefore you may tell all you know about me. Boys, I am ashamed of you. First you propose to do a mischievous act, then you suffer others to be punished for it, who can scarcely be said to have had any share in it; and then, instead of attempting anything to get our playfellows out of the scrape, you seem to rejoice that they pay the penalty of your misdeeds; but depend upon it, such conduct will not go unpunished."

"Oh! ho! Oh! ho! Mrs. Schoolmistress, where did you get all your learning from?" replied Brown, in a tone of ridicule. "What a fine speech! Go, be a tell-tale! why don't you go?"

"No, I shall tell nothing," replied Rose; "but now tell me. Now, would you like to be punished for another person's fault; not at all, you say to yourself, although you won't say so to me; you know as well as I do, that neither Horace nor Constance were in any way blameable for the destruction of the ink bottle, and yet you, the real delinquents, suffer your young playmates to be imprisoned and expelled the school, rather than bear your share of the censure. Pretty fellows you are, certainly! I cannot tell you how I despise you."

"Well, and why did they not tell the truth, then?" replied Brown. "I don't mind a good thrashing—not I. If they had told the truth, I should not have denied it, I am sure."

"They did not tell the truth, because they would rather suffer blame themselves, than that others should suffer; and this ought to make you love them the more, and do what is right for them."

"I dare say we are going to be such fools!" said Smith; "we were all in the mess, and we should not get them out of the scrape by getting ourselves in."

"I should think not," said Jones.

Now Brown, although an ill-trained and somewhat selfish boy in most things, was of a bold and manly character at bottom, and quite fearless as regards bodily pain. He saw at once how the matter stood, and began to feel the force of Rose's reasoning, and to hate himself for being a mean-spirited dastardly coward as he was; at last his face brightened, his eyes glowed, and he suddenly buttoned up his jacket, and cried out, "Well, never mind; here goes for a flogging; it will be over in five minutes."

"What do you mean?" said Smith.

"To take all the blame on myself, and go to master and say I broke the bottle. I know what I shall get; but never mind."

"Well done, George!" said Rose; "do it directly, pray do; be a noble-minded boy, be a *man*."

"Be a whipping-post!" snarled Jones, with a sardonic grin.

"Don't bring us in," said Smith; "take it all on yourself: there is no good in getting us punished."

"O, I'll take it all on myself, don't be afraid; I don't want anybody to suffer for my faults. Here, Rose, here is my hand, lead me to the master," and here he dashed away a rising tear.

"You are a good, noble-minded boy," said Rose, taking his hand. "Let us go at once. Come."

At this moment the door opened, and the schoolmaster appeared.

"'Twas I broke the bottle, sir," said Brown; "'twas I did it; I am alone to blame; I'll pay it out of my pocket-money. Set Horace and Constance free. They shan't suffer for my fault. They all know I did it; did I not, boys? did I not, Rose?"

"I know you did," said Mr. Fenn; "for I have overheard all your discourse; and as you now seem to be impelled by generous sentiments, I pardon you, and will restore to you your playfellows; but as for you, Smith and Jones, I shall compel you to pay your share of the damage done."

The crestfallen boys were about to urge something in self-defence.

"Not a word," continued the schoolmaster. "The least said in your case is soonest mended; for you, my dearest Rose, who have been instrumental in this work of goodness, you shall have the pleasure of setting at liberty your companions; here is the key of their prison-house."

Rose seized the key and rushed towards the door; in a few minutes the prisoners entered the schoolroom, and

all was delight and congratulation. Mr. Fenn now addressed the group, and after again praising the conduct of Rose, and expressing his satisfaction at that of Brown, took occasion to remark upon the duty of every one to use his endeavours, in whatever situation of life he may be, to stay the progress of evil and to induce reformation of character in those who act amiss. "If," said he, "children would endeavour to correct each other, we should have better men and women, and if better men and women, a better world; and so you see, my dear girl," he continued, addressing Rose, "that even a child may, like Archimedes, boast of being able to move the world by lessons of goodness, justice, and of love."

Such is a true hatch-up of one of the incidents of my early days. It is a story of no very striking incidents, but it is one that has a frequent counterpart; and I hope the lesson it teaches will not be thrown away upon my youthful readers.

A BOARDING-SCHOOL ADVENTURE.

Many are the adventures of boys at boarding-schools; and if I were to tell you of some of them, you would think that boys are quite as daring as men, and sometimes almost as wicked. I remember when I went to school, that we—that is, myself and schoolfellows—used to be up to the strangest tricks you can imagine. I really think that boys are so fond of mischief that they do not care what hazard they run to do it. And what is very common and wicked besides, is to see schoolboys have a secret spite against some person or other, and to lose no opportunity of doing that person some secret injury. There was a gardener that complained against several of our schoolfellows for throwing at his walnuts, and the poor fellow not only got his walnuts pelted at afterwards, but during the night more than fifty of his large bell-shaped cucumber frames were smashed to pieces. It was of no use to accuse us of doing it; for although a great many were in the secret, no one had courage to tell, for fear of the big boys; and they knew that if they once got the name of tell-tale, they should have no peace afterwards so long as they remained in the school.

Old Jackson offered five pounds' reward for the dis-

covery of the offenders, but no one would tell; and as to our Rector, he had all the boys up one by one, questioned each separately, coaxed some, and threatened others, but no one knew anything about the cucumber frames. I was afraid to tell myself, although I saw Michael Gibbs and Robert Sturge come in at the bedroom window a long time after I had been in bed, and heard them brag of what they had done. "Oh, was it not fun," said one to the other, "to hear them go smash, smash! and to see the cat run up the hot-house; and that big one against the strawberry bed!—what a clatter it made when the brickbat dashed through it! He won't say that he saw me fling at his old walnut tree again, depend upon it."

Such language as this plainly proved to me who the depredators were, but I had not courage to tell the truth; and how often have I regretted that I did not, for those very boys long after got me flogged for a fault of theirs, which I had no more concern in than the chick that is not yet out of the egg. But they came to their deserts at last, and got so terribly frightened in one of their adventures that I believe they were obliged to keep in bed several days. Shall I tell you how it was?

Well, then, you must know that Gibbs and Sturge were looked upon as captains of the school in which I was. The school was kept by a good and worthy man, the Rector of the place, in what was termed the Monastery, for the house had formerly been used as such by an order of monks. The house was old and crumbling; the windows high and arched; the chimneys thick and very

tall; and yew trees and cypress trees grew close in upon various parts of the building, and some of the branches of one of them thrust themselves quite into the window of one of our bedrooms.

We all used to go to bed at an early hour; and after we were all under the blankets, the Rector used to come into the rooms and walk round them to see that everything was quiet and correct, and then leave us, as he supposed, to our peaceful slumbers. But then began our games; we used in a few minutes to begin bolstering. If you have ever been to a boarding-school, you know what this is. Some of the boys get out of bed in the dark and beat the other boys with their bolsters, to their no small annoyance; and particularly the big boys used to annoy the small ones in this way, till at last one boy was knocked down by a bolster in the dark, and, falling with his head against the iron bedstead—for we had all iron bedsteads—struck himself so severl y that he was forced to be carried home, and never recovered. This was Gibbs's trick, and every one knew it, and no one dared to tell of him. Ay, well do I know now that it is as wicked not to prevent evil being done, as it is to do it yourself—nay, more wicked; and it is quite as wicked to conceal the wickedness of our companions, for by doing so you give them opportunity to go on their evil courses and do injury to others. I had not learned then, that according to the law of England a man can be deemed accessory after the fact, and is looked upon as equally guilty with him who actually commits the offence.

You see what boys Gibbs and Sturge were. Now,

then, I shall tell you of one of their famous exploits, and how it cured them afterwards of doing such wicked things. I told you about the spite they owed to the gardener; but Gibbs and Sturge vowed they had not done with him yet, and resolved, if possible, to pay his garden another visit whenever a favourable opportunity occurred.

It was at the latter end of the month of August, when peaches are ripe. Few things look more tempting than nice red rosy peaches, when they hang against the warm wall, and almost seem to say, "Come and eat me;" such peaches were in the large walled garden of Jackson, who was famous all over the county for this kind of fruit, which he had raised to great perfection. The situation of this garden was not far from that of the Monastery, but so situated that the churchyard skirted both, and lay between both. The churchyard wall, from east to west, contained the fruit trees of our garden, while the same wall on the other side of the churchyard was the boundary line of Jackson's, so that it was necessary to cross the churchyard to get in it from our quarters. We had often got on the gravestones and looked into Jackson's garden, and could see the peaches hanging there, with other choice fruit; and many a boy's mouth watered, I dare say. I know mine did often enough. Gibbs and Sturge determined to have some of these peaches, partly because they loved them, and partly for that they hated the old man, and set their wits to work as to how they should obtain possession of them without detection. I told you that we were all put to

bed at a certain hour. On the night the attempt on the peaches was to be made, we went to bed as usual. The Rector walked round the room as usual; prayers were said as usual, and the bolstering took place for a short time as usual, until Gibbs cried out he would have no more of it, and that we should all go to sleep,—just as if he had a right to do with us as he liked; but we obeyed him, and were soon all sound enough, not dreaming of the enterprise undertaken by our captain. Now every boy was asleep besides Gibbs, and he called out, "Bob, have you got the bag?"

"Here it is, under my pillow, and the cord too. Do you think they are all asleep?"

"I don't know," said Gibbs; "but wait a bit, and I will creep round and pull some of their feet to see."

After a few minutes' silence, Gibbs returned from his experiment, and addressing Sturge, told him to put his clothes on and to be sure and not make a noise with his shoes. The two depredators were soon dressed. "Now then," said Gibbs, "here is out of the window. What say you?"

"Oh, I am ready," said the other; "but don't you think we had better go without our coats?"

"Very well; you need not put yours on; I shall not take off mine again. Come along."

"But are you sure we shall get back?"said Stur ge, —"and, I say, Michael, don't you think some one will be upon the watch?"

"Not a bit of it; they will not think, after we peppered

them so the other night, that we shall be there again, or they must think us great fools."

"But suppose there are man-traps or spring-guns."

"I don't care for man-traps or spring-guns, not I; besides, I know well enough that the old fellow has not got anything of the sort, and if he had, he is such a milk-sop, I am sure he would not set them; why, if he were to hurt one of us boys it would be the ruin of him, whether he were right or wrong. Don't you know that old Parrat set a humane trap, as they call it, and caught one of the young Spencers, and he never had any customers from that day to this, and was forced to leave the town? —so come along; I'll warrant there are no man-traps or boy-traps either."

This said, Gibbs mounted on a chair and climbed to the window, through which he passed into the forked branch of the yew tree which grew close to it. He was speedily followed by Sturge, and in a few minutes, by the aid of the branch of the tree, which they descended, both were safe on the ground.

They immediately crept between the branches of the trees in the shrubbery, till they reached the churchyard wall, and putting their feet between the stems of the wall-trees, Sturge was first lifted up, who, when securely situated, pulled up his companion.

The churchyard stood on higher ground than that from which the youths had proceeded, so that when one got over the wall he was only breast-high on the other side. A similar declivity of the ground was found on the other side, in which was Jackson's garden.

The two boys were now within the precincts of the churchyard, and at that moment the chimes jingled the hour of half-past eleven. The noise startled one or two jackdaws, casual visitors to the belfry—who gave a loud "caw, caw," and a flutter, when all again was silent.

The moon, which was about a quarter old, was now hastening fast towards the western horizon, and already her light was somewhat dimmed. Still, however, she shone sufficiently bright to cast the long dark shadows of the church tower and the gloomy forms of the yew tree on the grassy graves, which were clustered thickly on the spot. The church porch, which stood directly opposite to them, was faintly illuminated without; but the inside seemed as black and fearful as the sepulchre of death.

"I hope there is no one watching us," said Sturge.

"Pho! what stuff!" said the other. "No one can see us here. Who do you think would come into the churchyard at this time of night? Why, half the parish would be frightened out of their wits. Don't you know the story about the church wall?"

"No; what was it? Do not tell me if it was anything very dreadful."

"O, it's nothing dreadful, it's only an old woman's story. It is said that, when the church was building, something every night came and threw down all the stones and scattered the foundation about. At last several people sat up to watch; but every one was so dreadfully frightened that no one would sit up again. At last an old man named Thornton sat up with two bull-dogs, and

a strange form appeared, and began to knock the stones and mortar about."

"And did not this Mr. Thornton run away?" said Robert.

"Not a bit of it—quite the contrary, he went up to whatever it was, and told him to leave the church alone, and that if he did not he should prevent him."

"'What will you fight me with?'" said the voice of the evil spirit.

"Thornton replied that he would fight him with God, himself, and his two bull-dogs. So the spirit asked him this three times; but at the last time, instead of saying God, himself, and his two bull-dogs, he said in a sort of a passion, 'Myself and my two bull-dogs.'"

"With that the spirit, who saw that he had left God out, said, 'Let you be buried in the church or out of the church, in the churchyard or out of the churchyard, I will have——' and so they buried old Thornton in the church wall, which is neither; and so that's the way to trick 'em. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" said a hollow voice from the church porch.

"There's somebody in the porch," said Sturge, in great terror, and immediately let himself down on the other side of the wall, while Gibbs, leaning over, called, "Why, Bob, what a coward you are! it was only the echo. Listen, I will make it do the same again. Ha! ha! ha!" (Rogues are off their guard sometimes, you see.) That was the way to get discovered, was it not?

At this moment the chimes gave the warning of the

clock for striking the hour of twelve—first the jingle and the quarters, and then the long-drawn—one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve.

Both the boys remained mute and motionless at this moment, and everything was so silent around that the click of the machinery, after the chimes had ceased to play and the clock had struck, was plainly heard.

"Did you hear that?" said Sturge.

"Hear what?"

"I think I heard the clicking of a door-lock."

"Stuff! it was only the clicking of the chime-work when the clock had done. I have been up in the clock-house and know how it goes. It is nothing, only a bit of machinery that flies round on a little wheel, and then stops with a sort of click. Come, come up! Give us your hand!"

The boy below stretched his hand to the one above, and after a slight effort stood in his former position on the wall.

"I wish you had not told me that story," said he. "I do not know how it is, but it makes my heart bump so, you cannot think." (I dare say it did; people's hearts often bump when they are doing wrong: there is something within that won't be still.)

"Come along, come along," said Gibbs. "Never mind your heart's bumping, only don't be a coward. If you do, I shall hate you. You shall never have any thing of mine, and I won't go partners with you any longer. I did not think you was half such a milk-sop. Come along."

This said, Sturge was rather dragged than led along by the stern grasp of his companion to the other side of the churchyard in the immediate vicinity of the peaches. "Now then," said Gibbs, "you stand here while I go down with the bag."

"The bag!" said Sturge, "why, I quite forgot that, and the cord too." (You see, when we do wrong it often flurries us.)

"Then you are a great fool for your pains," said the other young villain, and began to abuse his fellow in terms almost too low to name. "But I am not to be done out of my peaches through you. Give me your pocket-handkerchief."

The pocket-handkerchief was no more to be found than string and bag, both being left behind in the moment of confusion at sarting.

"It is no use trusting to such a goose as you," said Gibbs; and immediately the ready boy pulled off his trowsers, and tying the ends of them with his garters so as to form them into a sort of bag, without saying another word descended into the garden. (You see this Gibbs had plenty of wit and ingenuity, but it did not make him a better boy; so a man may be very intelligent and full of knowledge, but still a great villain.)

When Sturge was left alone, he felt deeply sorry for the part he had taken, and had a good mind to return. He looked across the churchyard, the coast seemed quite clear, he believed he could get into his bedroom window without assistance. After listening a moment, he dashed across the churchyard in the direction of the

Monastery. Before, however, he got to the opposite wall, he heard a loud cry from his companion, calling him by name; he hesitated; his feelings for Gibbs prevailed, and he again returned to the garden wall. (There is nobody but has some goodness in him; don't you think it would have added to Sturge's wickedness if he had left his companion?)

"Make haste, help me up," said the boy. "I am killed! I am killed! oh, make haste!"

Sturge leaned over the wall, and took the trembling boy's hand and drew him up. As soon as he reached the top, he fell over into a new made grave, and Sturge found his face to be all over blood.

"Oh, Gibbs! oh, Gibbs!" said Sturge; "I told you so. There, you would not believe me. I knew you would be caught. Oh, what shall we do? Oh, what shall we do?"

The boy then began to cry.

(People, when they succeed in an undertaking, good or bad, congratulate one another; when they fail, they reproach and condemn each other.)

"Hold your crying," said Gibbs. "I have not been caught. It was only my being such a fool as to try to get over the wall with the glass bottles. If I had not slipped and cut my face this way, I should have had some nectarines and smashed the old boy's green-house besides." (You see revenge as well as covetousness was a motive of Gibbs.)

"But where are the peaches?" said Sturge. (I have no doubt this Sturge was a little glutton.)

"Here, just under the wall. I could not bring them up, because I had to hold my hand to my nose, which I think is almost cut off. You must go down and fetch them while I give you my hand."

"I can't go," said Sturge; "I tremble so." (Ay, I don't wonder at his trembling.)

"Not go! What! leave my trowsers full of peaches? Why, we shall be found out directly; you must go, you shall go, and so if you don't, I'll pitch you over the wall." Thus, partly by persuasion, partly by threats, and partly by force, Sturge, much against his will, was lowered into the garden. (There was a great deal of boldness in Gibbs' character which would have been glorious in a right cause.)

During this time, Gibbs continued bleeding at the nose and face, and began to feel both weak and faint. To render the state of both more unhappy, the moon, which had now descended very low, dipped into a dark cloud in the horizon, and the face of the earth was in complete darkness.

"Where are you?" said Sturge; "I cannot see the trowsers, it is so dark."

"Then fumble about till you find them; you will find them close to the wall."

"Oh, here they are. Now then, give me your hand," said the young thief, trembling at every limb.

Gibbs held out his hand, and Sturge rested once more on the top of the wall, and was just about passing the booty into the hands of Gibbs, when he felt something hairy and cold pass between him and his load of

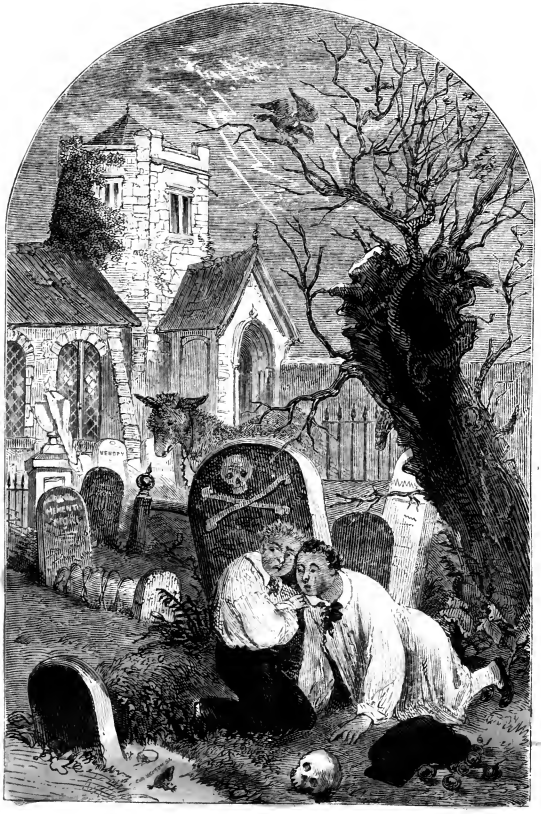
peaches; at the same time, he thought he beheld two goblin eyes glaring at him through the darkness. The fearful boy gave a convulsive shriek, dropped the trowsers, and attempted to dash through the churchyard. Gibbs also felt something brush past his face, from which rushed a blast of cold air, with a snorting sound, and, partaking of the panic of his more timid companion, ran off with him in the same direction. They had not, however, ran far before the foot of Sturge came in contact with a half-sunken gravestone, and both fell one over the other with tremendous force. (I dare say you wonder what it was frightened the boys.)

Sturge shrieked out loudly, but was prevented from continuing his outcries by Gibbs, who placed his hand over his mouth, and said, "Hush! some one follows us. Hark! I hear their steps creeping along over the graves. Softly! softly! on your hands and knees—on your hands and knees. This way—here, keep close to me."

The boys crept for a short distance in this manner; but what with their fright and the complete darkness, they could scarcely tell in what direction they were moving. Presently they stopped.

"Do you hear anything now?" said Sturge, who seemed to be intently listening with his ear to the ground.

"Listen, I say; I wish you would hold your tongue. Hush!—what is that clinking against the gravestones? Hush! it seems like the clinking of a chain. Oh dear! oh dear! it is a chain. We shall be chained up.



The man has got chains for us. I know it is old Garrod the watchman, and we shall be taken for stealing dead bodies. Oh dear! Oh, Oh!"

"Have done with your Oh-dearing; be quiet; here, follow me; give me your hand. I think I can find the way to the other wall. Come along!"

The boys now groped their way between the gravestones and tombs for some time, without being able to ascertain their exact situation, Sturge every now and then giving utterance to his horror and consternation, and trembling like an aspen. Gibbs was obliged to find courage both for himself and his companion. More than once, to keep him quiet, he had resorted to blows, so that the timid lad was almost paralyzed with fear.

"Here, here; I know where I am. I know this stone by the feel. Here is the old coat-of-arms with the three round rings and the globe on—Admiral Benbow's. I can trace it with my fingers. We are on the wrong side of the church. Now this way—this way—don't be faint-hearted." (I think they were on the wrong side of the church, indeed.)

"Oh, but I can't help it; I have such a pain in my——Oh!"

"A pain in your Oh? Stuff! never mind a pain in your Oh. Let us get out of this horrid churchyard. Hush! they are coming again. Down with your head between the graves."

The same mysterious sounds were again repeated—a long, solemn, measured step, which had a clank with it

as if some unfortunate ghost were walking about the churchyard with the chains of his prison-house about him.

"Scramble on your hands and knees; here, this way."

Gibbs here made a rapid movement to the right, followed by his companion, who was so timid as never to be far away.

The boys had now reached the north side of the church, between the centre of which and the tower at the west end, was a slight trough-like declivity which led to the vaults under the church. At the bottom of this descent was a door which opened to the bone-house, as it was called—it being a receptacle for all the skulls, leg-bones, rib-bones, arm-bones, and other bones that the sexton found when digging the graves.

The boys now stood squeezed together against this door, listening with intense anxiety for the sounds that had so alarmed them.

Just at this moment the clock struck one, and the solemn tone of the bell seemed ten times more solemn and fearful than ever they had heard it, and seemed to linger in the air as if it never intended to die away.

"How that nasty bell mumbles! what a while it lasts!" said Sturge, with a quivering voice.

"Hold your tongue; there is some one coming now," replied Gibbs, whose ear was quick in catching any sound that really spoke of danger. "Stand close, stand close; squeeze up against me close, and don't breathe if you can help it."

"I can't breathe while you squeeze me so," said Sturge. "Don't squeeze me so," said the boy, labouring to free himself from the pressure of his companion. At this moment the door behind them gave way, it being almost as rotten as the coffins the sexton broke up daily; and Sturge and Gibbs were precipitated into the vaults beneath with a horrid crash.

What an awful situation to be in at the dead of the night!—just at the time ghosts are reported to prowl about—in pitch darkness, in a churchyard, and, what was worse, to be hurled during the commission of a great sin into the receptacle of the dead! One would think all this enough to quail the strongest heart, and so it did. Gibbs first fell to the ground, and Sturge upon him: the former was for a time motionless; the latter, after abusing the door and calling his companion a fool, and blaming him for not preventing the disaster, which it was quite impossible for him to have done, listened to hear if anything was coming; but all was silent as the grave.

"Where are you got to, Gibbs?" said Sturge; "Gibbs! Gibbs! do you hear? get up, don't lie there!"

He attempted to rouse him, shook him, took hold of his hand, but all was useless. He was dead to feeling or motion. "He is dead!" cried Sturge.

"Oh! what shall I do?—I have killed him—I have killed him!" Here he burst into a loud shriek, and fell upon the body of his companion.

Again he endeavoured to arouse him. Again he called, "Gibbs! Gibbs!"

"Dear Gibbs! do speak to me, do! There's a dear boy—do speak, do speak!" And the terror-stricken boy literally howled with anguish.

"Oh, what shall I do? Oh, what shall I do? Oh, that I had never done what I have done! Oh, what a wicked boy I am! Oh, I shall be hung!"

Again he shook his companion—hugged him, talked to him, called him his dear, dear Gibbs.

"Oh, do speak to me one word, if only to forgive me, for I have murdered you, dear, dear boy!" and the scalding hot tears fell from his eyes like rain: but there was no answer, no sound, in the dead midnight, but the deep sobs from the heaving bosom of the remorseful youth. Again he raised the apparently lifeless body, and sat with it in sad silence, overpowered completely by the shocking catastrophe. He thought he heard a rumbling overhead—a distant, low, awful sound. He listened, trembling all over. Again—it was distant thunder.

Sturge had often heard thunder before, and was never afraid of it, because he believed it to be only electricity passing from one cloud to the other, as the lecturer had taught him at school; but now it appeared to him as the voice of the Almighty threatening him in anger. He would fain have hid himself among the dead, deep in the grave, had it been possible; and actually he did prostrate himself to the ground with his head downwards, as fearing to look upwards in the darkness.

The wind now rose in a violent hurricane, and the rain was heard pattering with fury on the leaden roof of

the old church, while the creaking of the four rusty vanes upon the corners of the tower or steeple, and the screams of the roused jackdaws, made horrible music; at the same time the wind and rain rushed into the vault by the door through which the boys had fallen, which, swinging backwards and forwards with great violence, at last swung off its rusty hinges, and fell down partly on Sturge's leg, causing him great pain. At the same moment, a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the vault, and the horror-struck boy discovered that he was surrounded by human skulls and human bones lying scattered around him—the former seeming to glare horribly upon him through their deep eye-sockets.

Another crash of thunder, which seemed to shake the sacred building to its foundation, made a pile of skull-bones give way; and a skull, placed upon the top of it, rolled down beside the frightened youth, who, on stretching out his hand to steady himself, grasped it, and sunk insensible beside his companion.

He lay in this condition for some hours, but at last returned to consciousness. When he awoke he at first thought that all he had seen and heard was some horrible dream; but he soon discovered that it was a fearful reality. Gibbs was lying beside him in the same unconscious state. Day was now dawning, and he could just discover that he was still in the house of the dead. He felt so weak as scarcely to be able to move. His throat was parched and dry; but the birds began to chirp upon the trees, and a red streak in the eastern horizon gave tokens of the approach of a fine day. Alas!

it would be no bright one to Sturge and his companion, who at this moment opened his eyes, and after looking at Sturge, fell back overpowered with emotion.

Sturge, however, was relieved on finding his companion alive, and clasped him in his arms even in joy —for such things are despair and joy that they can exist very near to each other. He called him by name, again and again; and the poor boy at last answered him—

"Oh Sturge, what have you brought me into?"

"Oh don't scold me, pray don't scold me," said Sturge. "Oh if you knew what I have suffered this night; but dear Gibbs, dear Michael. I—I—" Here he burst into an hysterical laugh and tears.

"Do not cry, do not cry; pray do not. What shall we do?" Here he turned his head. "Oh, see these horrible skulls, how they keep watching us; let us get out of this place."

"I cannot get up to the doorway, it is so high; and I am so faint I cannot lift you up. We must stop here till some one comes to help us. Shall I cry out for help?"

"It's of no use; nobody will hear us. Oh, does it not serve us right for being so wicked? What was that you told me about putting God last? I have been thinking of that for a long, long while. We have put God last."

"Oh yes, we have, we have," replied the other. "I feel it, I know it now; we deserve all this. Oh that I had never seen or heard of peaches; and how wicked to smash the glass, and many other things I have done!

Oh, what would I give to be good!" Here the tears fell again from the two unfortunate lads, as if a new fountain had been opened.

A mass of painful thoughts passed over their minds, as they sat in this disconsolate state. They thought of the many times they had committed depredations on the property of others; of the many spiteful tricks they had played; how they had often left their studies for idleness; how often they had neglected the voice of admonition, and laughed at the solemn warning of others;—in short, both the wretched boys felt something within them, speaking loudly and sternly too. It was conscience; they scarcely knew its voice till now. It was terrible, far more terrible than the horrors of the night they had passed or of the place they were in. "What are we to do to be good?" said Gibbs; "what can I do? Oh, I am sure I shall never be bad again so long as I live." "And I am sure I shan't," said Sturge. "I will say my prayers every night; I wish I had said them last night, and meant them, and then I don't think I should have gone after these naughty peaches." "Let us try to say our prayers now," said Gibbs; and the two boys immediately raised themselves up, and with trembling and beating hearts repeated the Lord's Prayer—the tears again falling, as they ever fall from those that are penitent. When they had finished, they looked up, and who should stand at the door but the good Rector, who held out his arms affectionately towards them. "My dear children," said he, "'the way

of transgressors is hard;' but come to one who loves you, although he hates your sin."

Sturge and Gibbs hid their heads in the damp earth of the bone-house.

The Rector was attended by several domestics; one of them jumped down, and in a few minutes the penitent lads were in the open sunshine. Sturge looked round and saw the cause of the alarm during the night: it was the sexton's ass turned into the churchyard to feed, and the clanking noise which alarmed them so was occasioned by the chain with which poor Jack's leg was fastened to a log. There, too, lay the evidence of their transgression—the trowsers and peaches.

The boys were now conveyed back to their school. I dare say, my young readers think that they both received a good flogging. But no. The Rector knew that flogging only reaches the body; he applied his remedy to the mind, and during the hours they lay on a sick-bed, resulting from the fright, he so forcibly showed the evil of sin, that each resolved, under the blessing of God, to be its slave no longer.

Such, my young friends, is the history of a school adventure; and I hope it may be a lesson to you to be careful what tricks you play and what freaks you get into. You may not fall into the terrors of a churchyard, I grant; but remember, the stings of conscience are far more terrible, and these you cannot avoid.

ROBBING AN ORCHARD;

OR, THE

Parlour Boarders.

Of all the freaks of school there is none that gives thoughtless boys more delight than the exploit of robbing an orchard. The stealing of a few apples that look so tempting, and the munching them up bye-lanes, under hedges, and in nooks and corners, have so much the charm of enterprise about it, that I sometimes (knowing what kind of training boys usually get at school) am apt to say to myself, "No wonder."

But boys, however sly, crafty, or careful they may be to avoid detection, are somehow or other generally found out; for when a man or a boy sets out to do what is wrong, he is at issue with all that is regular and established, and sets himself up against the usual customs of mankind; he is at war with all the world, and he must be cunning indeed who can escape unscathed in such an unequal contest.

The four boys you see engaged in the honourable occupation of stealing apples were pursuing their education in a school a little way from Exeter, in Devonshire, a place where apples are abundant. Their names were Winkle, Moffat, Pragen, and Jenkins. The three first

were bad fellows—knew everything, could do everything, and had done everything. Jenkins was a better boy, and seldom fell into evil, except by accident; but from his want of caution these accidents were rather frequent.

The school at which these boys boarded and lodged was an old manor house, situated in its own grounds, as it was said in the prospectus. It contained about twenty boarders and a few day scholars from the vicinity, besides four parlour boarders—young gentlemen who, by the additional payment of five pounds a year, were allowed the privilege of taking milk and water in the morning, and water and milk in the evening with the schoolmaster and his family, and in consequence were very much disliked by all the other boys of the school; at the same time they got many a roasting in the parlour, which they would never have endured out of it, and were deprived of many a good game or sport, which the other boys engaged in with all their hearts and all their strength; but still they were taught to consider themselves as young gentlemen, and to look upon the remainder of the scholars as inferiors. One of these young gentlemen's father, Master Moffat, kept a sort of carriage and a pair of ponies, with which he used to drive up to the grand entrance of the school once a month in great state, with a short squabby boy behind in the dicky, who used to clean knives, boots and shoes, brush carpets, beat mats, and help the cook for the best part of the day, but who, upon state occasions, mounted a sort of livery, light brown and blue, with a collar that looked something like parsley-and-butter, and a

gold band on his hat, but who in general had by no means a very clean face and always very black hands. But still Mr. Moffat, and particularly Mrs. Moffat, thought it showed style; and this pleased them.

Mr. Moffat's father had been a tallow-chandler, and Mrs. Moffat's papa made his money by keeping wine vaults in London. Retiring to Devonshire with a moderate fortune made by the industry of their parents, they would have been respected by persons of their own sphere of life as well as by their superiors, had they conducted themselves as sensible people. But they had an idea that a little independence put them upon a level with that class of persons called the gentry of the neighbourhood; and all the desire of Mr. and Mrs. Moffat was to be considered genteel, and to be on visiting terms with Mrs. Captain Green or Mr. Major Brown, or to take tea occasionally with the second cousin of the Recorder of Exeter, or to dine with the son-in-law of one of the town council. Mr. Moffat was proud to acknowledge that he had breakfasted with a lord at such and such a place, and dined with a marquis at another; never letting out the secret that these breakfastings and dinings were public ones, at which anybody dined or breakfasted who could pay a guinea for it.

Master Moffat was therefore placed at school with due directions from his mamma to the schoolmaster that he should be kept from mixing with his inferiors—that he should be taught to be a perfect gentleman—that he should wear silk stockings and white gloves, sport an eye-glass and carry a riding-whip. The monthly car-

riage visit was to put the finishing stamp upon the whole, and to strike dignity into the eyes and hearts of the poor plebeian boys who could not afford to pay the extra five pounds a year as parlour boarders.

The schoolmaster, Mr. Wellsop, was one of that class of teachers who pretend to know a great deal, but know nothing. He had a certain smattering of Latin and Greek, which he dignified with the high name of classical attainments. He could not ascertain what was two-thirds of three-fourths of a plum-pudding without being bothered, and yet called himself a professor of mathematics. In short, he was what is called an empiric or quack, and as such he assumed most consequential airs and graces, put on a pompous phraseology in his common speech, and assumed a ha-haw inarticulate drawl. He used to talk most largely of his carriage pupils—although he had but one, and of his connections, whom nobody knew anything of—not even himself.

Under all these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the "parlour boarders" were in a fair way of being adepts at all kinds of mischief, and that they were by no means likely to get into any very considerable penalties on account of it; for Mr. Wellsop was not the man to lose sight of his own interest by so checking his pupils as to lose them, and therefore very quietly let them have their own way as much as possible, and perhaps a little more.

There was one peculiarity, if it can be so called, of these young gentlemen which was well calculated to show their vulgar origin. They were always munching,

—always had something between their teeth; whether in school or out of school, in bed or out of it, still their mouths were in the action of chewing. At one time nuts, at another cakes; bull's eyes, brandy balls, elecampane, liquorice, lozenges, drops, jujubes, and above all things were they fond of apples; and if anything could increase the delight with which they munched them, or could add to their flavour, it was the consciousness of having *stolen* them.

The apple season was coming on, and the three youths longed for it with an intensity not to be described. They calculated on their rambles through flood and field, of hairbreadth escapes, of dangers imminent, all of which are as much the delight of some schoolboys as any of their play games, and perhaps more. The consideration of whether they were doing right or wrong, never came into their minds. They had, no doubt, like all other boys, learned their catechism, but never supposed that "thou shalt not covet," or that "to keep their hands from picking and stealing," could apply to them. They had looked upon this as a thing to be said, not to be done; and therefore acted accordingly.

Moffat, Winkle, and Pragen slept in one room; and many were the freaks they concocted after they got to bed of a night. On one ill-fated night—ill-fated certainly for them—they sat up by the light of the moon a long while after everybody was in bed. The apple season was in its height, and the very smell of the delicious fruit seemed to float upon the air to tempt them.

The night was fine, the air warm, and everything looked so lovely out of doors, that it seemed almost a sin to be in bed, and a positive duty to be out maraudering.

"I tell you what," said Moffat to his companions, who seemed very slow in pulling off their clothes, "it's a great pity that such a night as this should be lost. When are we to go apple gathering? This is about as good a time as any: what say you for some fun to-night? There's Mowbank's orchard; it's only three miles off, and we may get a sack full of apples there which would last us all the winter."

"I know a place to stow them," said Winkle, as eager as could be for the robbery. "I know a place; we have nothing to do but to climb up to the old pigeon house. Nobody ever thinks of going there since we caught and roasted the pigeons. We have only to climb and put them through the holes."

"That *is* a capital plan," said Pragen; "why we might stow a sack of apples there, and a bushel of filberts!"

"To be sure we might; and why not go and get the apples to-night?"

"I am ready," said Winkle.

"And so am I," said Pragen. "But what shall we put them in?"

"Oh, that is easily managed," replied Moffat; "we have nothing to do but each of us to pull our shirts off, tie up the arms, and make a bag of the bodies. Each of our shirts will hold half a bushel of apples, which will be as much as we can carry; so here goes!"

Moffat had stripped himself in a moment, pulled off

his shirt, and put his clothes on over his bare body. The other boys followed his example, and in a few minutes declared themselves ready for the exploit.

Their bedroom was, however, some distance from the ground, and it required considerable caution to descend from it, even with the apparatus they had provided for their occasional freaks. This was a rope ladder, which was kept up the chimney. In this instance it was speedily procured, and being lowered out of the window Moffat was soon upon it.

Just as they had descended to the garden, and were about to proceed through the shrubbery, they heard a voice call out, "Moffat! Moffat!"

They all immediately crouched under the bushes, and were as still as death.

"It's no use hiding," said the voice in a loud whisper. "I see you there, under the lilacs."

"It's only Jenkins," said Moffat. "If you split, Jenkins," said he, holding up his clenched fist, "I will thrash you."

"Go with us," said Pragen; "we are going for a moonlight ramble."

"I should like to go," said Jenkins. "They are all asleep in my room."

"Then drop out of the window, and come along," urged Moffat.

"Stand under the window then, and help me down," said Jenkins; so the boys stood close under, and Jenkins slid down upon their shoulders, and in a few seconds the whole party were over a wall, through a

ditch, and over a hedge, on their way to Mowbank's orchard.

The moon shone delightfully, and the boys skipped and jumped with delight as they journeyed along full of exploit, and with mouths watering for apples. It never occurred to them, of course, that they were going to commit a robbery, and that they stood a good chance of going to prison, but they walked along as full of glee as if they had been about to do the most meritorious thing in the world. As to Jenkins, he scarcely knew what expedition he was upon, till he heard Moffat say, "How many do you think we shall bag?" to one of the party.

"Bag what?" cried Jenkins, alarmed.

"Bag what!" replied Moffat; "why bag apples, to be sure, or shirt them, which ever way you like it."

"You are not going to steal apples," inquired Jenkins, stopping short in his step. "If you are, I will go back."

"Don't make a fool of yourself," said Moffat, giving him a push, "but come along. What's the harm of a few apples—a few wild apples out of a wood?"

"Oh, if they are wild apples," said Jenkins, "that is quite a different thing. If they had been *tame* apples—"

"Tame apples! what a noodle!" said Moffat; and all the boys laughed loudly. "Tame apples!—tame apples!"

"You know what I mean," said Jenkins. "I mean if you had been going into a garden to rob it of apples grown in it to make pies of and to eat, I would not have gone with you; but since you are only going

into a wood, it is quite a different thing; so come along."

So away the party trudged, as nimble as grasshoppers, and after a walk of a quarter of an hour, Moffat proposed that they should now leave the high road, and take a direct route towards the place of their destination over the green fields or ploughed fields, corn fields, hedges, ditches, glens, and fallows.

"It's the nearest by a mile," he cried, in answer to an inquiry made by Jenkins. "We have nothing to do but go straight on, make a few leaps, and we shall soon see the farm. I know that its white sides will shine bright enough in the moonlight."

But just at that moment the moon dipped into a thick cloud, and it became a great deal darker. "Ah," said Jenkins, "don't depend upon the moonlight; we had better go the roadway."

"Come along, come along, never mind the moon," called out Moffat, and leaped over the hedge, his companions following him as by instinct. He then set off at a good sharp pace, the whole following like dogs at the heels of the leader of the pack; at last they were stopped by another hedge. The whole party were soon upon it, but, looking down, they saw a broad piece of water on the other side.

"We shall never leap over this," said Winkle. "I told you it would be better to go by the road."

"Why you never mentioned a word of it," replied Moffat, fiercely; "and if you can't make a leap, I can."

So saying, the boy made a spring, and just cleared the edge of the water.

Winkle tried to do the same in the spirit of emulation, and fell a little short, so as to wet his legs above the knees. The other boys followed, and both got soused.

"There are jumpers for you!" sneered Moffat. "Pretty chaps you are to come out on an exploit, and can't leap over a ditch! But come along, the moon will soon dry you."

"I don't think we shall have any more moon to-night," observerd Pragen. "But I don't mind a duck, not I."

"Nor I," said Winkle.

"Nor I," said Jenkins, not to be behindhand in bravado; and the party were on their way again as fresh as larks.

After a few more leaps, a good many scratches, some bruises, and the loss of Moffat's cap in a running stream, the boys soon came within a short distance of the spot selected to be the scene of their depredations. There stood the farm-house, and before it the trimly-planted garden, with a hedge of holly cut into peacocks and obelisks; behind it, at no very great distance from the house, was the orchard; and a noble orchard it was, abounding in fruit trees of all descriptions. It was fenced round on one side with a high wall, having glass bottles on the top, and on another by tall palings, well armed with tenter hooks, and by its other side a mill stream ran in a very strong eddy.

"This is the place," said Moffat, in a whisper; "let us creep gently round to the other side, and make no noise. It is lucky the moon is almost down; follow me, follow me, and don't speak a word."

So the bold but wicked lad led them beyond the farm to the back of the garden where the orchard began, and said, "Here, this is the place; there is no difficulty now; get out your bags."

But just as the boys looked up to take the height of the wall they had to scale, they saw a black board of considerable dimensions above it, and the moon at the same time sending forth a parting ray, revealed an inscription upon it by no means pleasantly worded—"Man-traps and spring-guns set upon these grounds; trespassers, beware! Dogs of a most ferocious breed are also constantly prowling, being unchained at night."

"Oh, my goodness!" said Jenkins, "I would not go there for the world; why we should be smashed up in great iron teeth, and blown to atoms and torn to pieces."

"You are a noodle," replied Moffat, with a laugh. "Why, my father puts up worse than that in his orchard, and there is not anything in it. He has a board bigger than this, on which is written—'Double-barrelled spring-guns, and sharp teeth man-traps always on the watch.' It's only done to frighten people, that's all; so give me a leg up."

So, without another word of parley, up went Moffat, and, having reached the top of the wall, at the expense of cut fingers, he called for a coat, and laying it over the bits of glass bottles, seated himself on it for a

moment, and threw himself over, when a loud crash was heard, which alarmed the boys outside terribly.

After a pause, Winkle ventured to call out, "What is the matter?"

"I've only smashed through a cucumber frame," whispered Moffat. "I am not hurt much. Come over, come over, can't you smell the apples? If you don't make haste, it will be dark, and we shan't be able to see them."

"Help me up," said Pragen. So Pragen was helped up, and got over safely. Winkle then clambered over by the assistance of Jenkins, who was told to wait on the other side, and to give the alarm if anybody approached.

"So this is the wild apple wood, is it?" thought the deceived boy, who could not conceal from himself that he had been entrapped into a downright robbery; and he began to think, "My best way is to run home as quick as I can." But then he reflected that it would be cruel to leave his companions in the lurch, and so he resolved to stay; but while he watched he trembled all over.

Presently he heard a loud report, as from a double-barrelled blunderbuss, and immediately following it was uttered a faint shriek, followed by a hissing noise, and the words, "Hush! hush!" then a low stifled groan. Jenkins now thought he would run home as fast as his legs would carry him, and sprang forward; but before he reached the farm corner, he was startled by the ferocious barking of a dog, which seemed to be jumping over

the palings to get at him. He therefore fled back again, and crouched himself under the wall.

In a few seconds, Pragen appeared above. "Oh," said he, "we are in such a mess; Moffat is shot by a spring-gun."

"What! is he dead?" inquired the terrified boy.

"No, he is not dead; but the shot is poured into him behind, so that he can scarcely stand or walk, and he says he shall never be able to sit down again as long as he lives. Get over and help us to bring him out of the place, do."

"But don't you hear the dog barking?" replied Jenkins, whose hair stood on end. "I have very nearly been torn to pieces myself; we shall all be eaten up; we might as well be in a wild African desert, with a lion at our heels. Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do?"

"The dog is chained," said Pragen; "don't fear him. If he could have got over to us, we should have been torn up long ago; but I heard the snap of his chain against the ring when he tugged at it. He can't get at us, but the noise of the gun has aroused the house. I see a light now moving in the window, do come."

"Do come, do come; help me over," cried Moffat, from the other side of the wall: "the farmer is coming, and we shall be all caught and sent to prison."

Jenkins, however, was paralysed with fear; he could not move, and so Pragen was obliged to pass back again, and in a few seconds the wounded Moffat was lifted to the top of the wall, and dropped down on the right side of it to run away—only he could not run.

The dog still continued barking, and presently a back window of the farm was seen to open, and bang went another gun.

"Oh, my goodness! oh dear! oh dear!" cried Jenkins, "we shall all be killed and slaughtered."

"Hold your tongue!" replied Moffat, fiercely; "we can't get shot through a brick wall. Here, put this apple in your mouth, if you can't keep your tongue quiet;" for, notwithstanding the untoward disaster, the boys had contrived to fill one shirt bag with apples, and to bring it over too.

And now all was silent and very dark, for the moon had gone down, and they could scarcely see each other's faces. The clouds, too, rose, and a darkness so intense overspread the scene that it was difficult for them to move without peril.

Presently, however, a door was opened and the sound of footsteps heard. Voices, too, broke the silence of the night: "Let go Lion, let him go;" and a rattling of the chain gave evidence that the dog was being set loose.

"The dog is loose! run, run!" said the boys; and Jenkins leading was followed by Pragen and Winkle, leaving Moffat behind on the ground. The latter, however, was not so fatally wounded but that, upon the extraordinary fear of being torn to pieces, he made an effort, and with groans followed his companions, he knew not whither.

They had not run far before they found themselves entangled in the boughs of a thicket, but they pushed

boldly through them, and passing through a dank bog, nearly up to their knees, came into a field. This they scampered over, and soon found themselves in a narrow lane.

"Where are we got to?" inquired Moffat, who, from being the leader of the party, now became the follower, in consequence of his disaster.

"I don't know," said Jenkins. "I don't," said Winkle. "I'm sure I don't," said Pragen.

"Let's run again, and get out of the way somewhere, the farther off the better," said Moffat.

So away they ran for about a mile, till at last their progress was stopped by a gate. This they managed to throw open, and passed through it; but now their noses were assailed by a smell of no uncommon kind, a smell such as they had never smelt before, such as has never been heard of except in the meadows of Mr. Bevan at Twickenham.

"My goodness! where are we got to?" said one.

"Oh! what a horrid place!" said another.

"Can you see anything?" said a third.

"No, I can see nothing, it is so dark. There seems something black like a hay-stack or a barn sticking up yonder," said Jenkins; "but this is no smell of hay."

"Let us take hold of hands and walk together," said Moffat, who wanted support, "and go gently. It is no use turning back, and perhaps we shall see something to tell us where we—"

"Are"—he would have said, but just at that moment,

when the four boys had joined arms together, they suddenly felt their feet giving way under them, and found themselves immersed up to the arms in some soft substance, and the disagreeable smell increased, uninviting to the nose, mouth, and ears, as such compositions may naturally be supposed. Into one of these pits the young apple stealers had fallen, and here they lay, floundering about in a rich compost, expecting every moment suffocation.

At last, however, Moffat reached the corner of the pit, and called out, "I have got to the edge;" and his companions floundered to him as well as they were able, and, after a good deal of struggling, got out without further mischief.

Now the day began to break, and they had sufficient light to notice the dark shadows of things around them, and contrived to retrace their steps back by the gate through which they entered, and determining not to follow the road in the direction of the orchard, they struck off by a small path to the right, and were on their way again, dripping with the liquid guano, or whatever other name we may choose to designate it.

They now came to a wood, through which the narrow path ran. It was now only so light that they could distinguish each other's faces, and the black shadows of the trees around them made things still more indistinct. But after threading the mazes of the place for some little time, Pragen, who took the lead, ran back with a cry of horror.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed all.

"See there, see there! See how he grins, look at his horrid teeth! Oh, save me, save me!"

The boys looked up, and sure enough there were grinning faces around them. Some half skeleton forms were dangling in the night blast, with their bones peering through the black decaying flesh. Great tusk teeth stood out in one direction, and long dried crooked claws in another; ribs and back bones; sharp beaks and hollow eye-holes. The bones rattled in the wind. The teeth of the boys chattered in reply to the horrid music.

"Look at that horrid thing sitting on the stump of the tree," said Moffat, "with its long black wings and skeleton arms. Oh, it will kill us: it is a demon."

The boys thought that they had got into the land of Der Freischutz, and that the graves of all the dead things in the forest had opened and set their inmates upon that tree to frighten them. There was the fierce polecat, with its open mouth and sharp teeth, the wild cat in a skeleton form, glaring upon them; the weasel, the stoat, the dog, the rat, dangling by shrivelled tails, while attenuated owls, lean ravens, and decaying falcons made up the grim assemblage of the *Keeper's Tree.*

As the day broke it revealed to the discomfited depredators the place and its horrors and also their own wretched predicament. They found themselves covered from top to toe, from head to heel, with the liquid (if it could be called liquid) manure, which being of a somewhat caustic nature began to make them tingle

all over, and, as the composition dried, they felt themselves to be encased almost as pertinaciously as the armadillo or the rhinoceros, and they moved their legs and arms with considerable difficulty, but still they moved along. The sun rose and soon dried them without, and haggard and worn and stiff as buckram, they journeyed homewards, with their blushing honours thick upon them, till they came to the outskirts of the city of Exeter.

It was now past seven o'clock, and the busy town was in motion as they passed over the bridge that spans the river Exe, at the west end of the town. They mounted the rise of the hill, but the eyes of all the passers by were upon them, a crowd collected, holding their noses. The women from the market, the boys with their donkeys, all flocked round, and a host followed, with loud jokes, jeers, and now and then a hurrah. Moffat limped onwards between two of his fellows, but his footsteps left traces of blood, and just as they got into the centre of the town, where the old hall juts over the foot pavement, who should appear, with half the school at his heels, but the schoolmaster, Wellsop. When he saw his three favourites he held up his hands in astonishment, and all the boys joined in the cheers and hootings of the multitude, and the holding of noses became universal.

"My brave boys," said the schoolmaster, "what is this terrible disaster? Where have you been?" and so saying he was about to embrace his pet Moffat, but turned away repulsively. "Not in a bed of roses, I per-

ceive; no, nor violets. Dear me, dear me!" and the schoolmaster put his hand to his nose instinctively.

"Ask me no questions," said Moffat; "but let us get home quickly. I am fainting with loss of blood, and shall not be able to walk in a few minutes."

Now a boy with a donkey cart stood very handy, and Wellsop, without any more ado, made an engagement with the driver. Moffat and his companions were pushed into it, and the cortège drove off amid a burst of laughter and a good many dirty boys pushing behind.

What occurred at the school after this is of little importance, suffice it to say that the delinquents did not get punished, except Jenkins, for they were parlour boarders, and, as Mr. Wellsop said, a distinction must be made between aristocracy and democracy.

The only moral to be gathered from this is, that those who go out of the way to do what they ought not, very often, to their surprise, tumble into the mire: and with this remark I shall conclude the story of Robbing an Orchard, except to repeat the maxim, Honesty is the best policy.

CROSSING THE LINE;

OR,

A Christmas Day at Sea,

BEING THE ADVENTURES OF A "GRIFFIN."

Augustus Adolphus Ernest Eugene Fitzdoodle, Esquire, was a relation of the Governor-General of India,—second, third, fourth, fifth, or sixth cousin,—or descended from the same branch by his maternal grandmother's uncle's second wife,—or collaterally descended by his maiden aunt's great-grandfathers, right side grandmother,—or nobody knows how,—but it was a certain fact, known especially to the hero of this tale, and to all whom it might or might not concern, that he, the said Augustus Adolphus, was a somebody, and to be treated accordingly.

Yes, to be treated accordingly on board the fine East Indiaman called the "Caledonian," which was, in the beginning of December, 1843, tugging out of the River Thames with a steamer on each side, and going through the water at the rate of seven knots an hour, for the seat of British government, Calcutta, the union jack at her topgallantmast head, and every line taut and steady.

"Hurrah, my hearties! let go your clampers, warps, and holdfasts; let loose your topsails, fill out your main-sheet, and away she goes down Channel, with a brisk breeze from the north-east. Hurrah for old England and a Christmas day within the tropics!"

The "Caledonian" was a first-class East Indiaman, spic and span new, from her rudder to her jib boom. She had on board a large cargo of seasoning in exchange for the "pepper" given us by the Affghans some time ago, consisting of Congreve rockets, hand grenades, double-headed shot, round, grape, and canister, muskets, rifles, bayonets, and ball cartridge. She had besides nearly two hundred fine fellows, who well knew how to prepare this seasoning for the gruel to be served out to the enemies of old England, as hot as Indian pickle or mulligatawney soup, or real native curry, as coolers to courage or settlers to the unsettled.

Beside these "kingly arguments," and forty or fifty barrels of gunpowder, the good ship contained some forty or fifty passengers. Gentlemen with situations, gentlemen with situations in prospective, gentlemen without situations;—ladies with husbands, ladies without husbands, and ladies with husbands in prospective;—military "griffins," or greenhorns, cadets, fortune-hunters, seekers, agents, government officers, nominees, embryo Clives, candidates for the black hole, tiger hunters, toad-eaters, hangers-on, and keepers-off.

Among this latter class was the very green and sallow, and sallow and green, and limp and lounging, and short and podgy, and wishiwashey, soapsuddery, blown-

bubblery gentleman, whose lineage has already been faintly traced,—the Honourable Augustus Adolphus Ernest Eugene Fitzdoodle, Esquire, aged twenty-one years, four months, and five days, and measuring from the iron tip of his heel to the bump of self-esteem, just five feet one inch and three-quarters and an eighth, including his stockings and the aforesaid heel-tips.

His latitude was rather disproportionate to his longitude, being what is in no very elegant language sometimes called podgy; that is, he was nearly as broad as he was long, something after the fashion of a sixpenny bottle of Guinness's stout; and had it not been for the tender squeezings of a pair of patent nippers, called by the inventor "prophalactic anticorpulencers," he might have balled himself up like a sea hog, and rolled, instead of making use of those ten-toed machines so common to the vulgar.

Mr. Adolphus Augustus came to the ship in a rose-coloured cab, which he shipped with himself, a chocolate-coloured tiger, with parsley-and-butter collar to his coat, a man-servant with enough powder in his head, as the sailors said, to make a "poor man a pudding," and sauce enough in his face to eat with it. His boxes were without number, particularly boxes for his cravats or neckcloths, for a single cravat was put into a single box: leather trunks, hair trunks, mahogany cases for pistols, cedar wood cases for eau de Cologne, jars of Circassian cream enveloped in tin, bottles of vegetable syrup in leaden coatings for the growth of whiskers, milk of lilies for the skin, essence of jasmine, extract of roses, and

perfume of violets. Then there were wardrobe No. 1, wardrobe No. 2, wardrobe No. 3, wardrobe regimental, wardrobe *déshabille,* wardrobe regular, and wardrobe *vulgus,* on each of which the armorial crest of a griffin's head with a trident in his mouth, which the sailors would call a toasting fork, was imprinted by a black stamp, especially cut for that purpose.

Preparations for the inward part of Mr. Augustus Adolphus were made on the same liberal and gentlemanly scale. To begin: there were first on the list a couple of milch goats of the most lactatious breed, to supply him with cream for his coffee. Then there was a patent oven for baking hot rolls by means of a spirit lamp, boiling eggs, cooking bacon, and frying omelets, some five or six of which the Honourable Mr. Augustus Adolphus took every morning by way of a whet. Attached to the patent oven were a couple of fowl-coops in which were crammed three dozen of Dorking fowls, all tender pullets, to be doomed, every day or so, to diminution, by the slaughter of a couple; but as fowls are preceded by fish on all polite occasions, several cast-iron pots of salmon and turbot, rammified and jammified with ice, were superadded. Nor was this all. Fish and fowl are but mere nonentities without flesh; consequently, a fine heifer was penned up on the larboard side of the fore hold, and a calf and a couple of sheep on the starboard side, to be converted, on fitting occasions, into broths, gravies, or soups, or mighty sirloins, or fascinating saddles of mutton, or legs, or fillets, to be roasted, baked, boiled, stewed, grilled,

fried, or fricasseed, as taste, or inclination, or necessity might determine.

I will not extend this narrative by saying that a few rabbits, a smattering of ducks, a handful of pigeons, or a sprinkling of young larks, were included in the gustatory arrangements, or how bottles of green peas, jars of green cauliflowers, pots of young French beans, and exhausted pans of "salad," made up the etceteras; but shall pass to the liqueurs and the drinkables, for the due and proper dilution of so much solid matter. First on the list were some splendid bottles of Curaçoa, in silvered wrappers, bearing the royal commission. Then followed cases of Champagne, Frontignac, Moselle, and Burgundy, and all the commoner paraphernalia of brandy, gin, rum, claret, port, and sherry—and although last, yet by no means least in value—some enormous packages of bottled porter and soda water.

The principal of the functionaries around and waiting upon Mr. Adolphus, was that extraordinary necessary and eventual character which in Plautus is called *hominum servatorem,* the preserver of mankind, namely the Cook. To him was delegated a power and authority equal to that of any prime minister. He held, indeed, the carte blanche of all appointments about the person of the right honourable gentleman aforesaid, for it was a maxim well understood that the nearest way to the honourable gentleman's heart was through his stomach. Therefore, Monsieur De la Fosse exercised a "sovereign sway and masterdom" over his master, and would have

been entirely without a rival had it not been that Mr. Augustus Adolphus was nearly as vain of his outward as he was of his inward man, and consequently Lussac, the French barber, disputed at certain times the authority of La Fosse, and pitted Macassar Oil and the milk of lilies, against mutton de la Maintenon, or a "calf's head surprised," or a kidney bedevilled, and set the curled wig against the sirloin, and the turned moustache against the pompous baron of beef; and having the advantage of earwigging his master while dressing for dinner, sometimes took up a position in his "good graces" which not even a bombardment of solid joints, or all the small fire of stews, hashes, fricassees, and gravies could overthrow or undermine, and hence La Fosse and Lussac were sworn enemies; and it sometimes happened that poor Augustus Adolphus was very much like a shuttlecock between two battledores, being tossed from one to the other in playful sport—or in bitterness of temper.

The first day at sea was an important one for Mr. Fitzdoodle, for, notwithstanding his high descent, and that the pure blood of the Plantagenets, as he said, "meandered through his veins in august purple streams," and notwithstanding that he had passed from England to France, viâ Boulogne, and thus sniffed salt water, or, in more elevated language, "scanned the profundity of the vasty deep," Mr. Fitzdoodle was by no means a sailor—on the contrary, his genius lay entirely another way, having a penchant for a red rather than a blue jacket. He had, indeed, made up his mind

for a commission; and just as the appointment was under negotiation, the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, published such a fierce, sanguinary, bloodthirsty, warlike, savage, mysterious, dragon, and tenpenny nail-like pamphlet, threatening England with the bombardment of her ports, the firing of her shipping, the sacking of her seaports, in such a courageous, warlike, and determined spirit, that the chance of actual service became so apparent, the honourable gentleman thought, with Falstaff, that the better part of valour was discretion, and gave up the idea of "sodgering" for that of a civil employment, and so ran the hazard of being "sea sick" instead of being sickened with the bursting of booms, the rattling of musketry, and "guns, and drums, and wounds," and, "heaven save the mark!" of seeing a dead, unmannerly corpse pass between the wind and his nobility.

He fear the sea? not he!—he had been to Boulogne, and round the Isle of Wight, he had also made certain excursions from Brighton to Dieppe, and along the coast from Margate to Ramsgate—wherefore he was a sailor—and knew that a cigar and a glass of grog was nautically in perfection. Therefore, when the "Caledonian" passed the Land's End, he ascended the poop, plucked up his shirt collar, pulled down his wristbands, popped a cigar into his mouth, and sent the essence of tobacco as a farewell offering to the genius of his beloved country, a lady named Britannia, in a cloud of smoke, which, blending with the various other smokes from the funnels of numerous steamers, passing up and

down Channel, ascended towards the chalky heights with patriotic devotion. Our hero then took a turn on the quarter deck, and by his swagger and his consequence, the stiff rigidity of his neck, the elevation of his head, the acute angle of his eye, and the turn up of his nose, shewed to all the world, and to his fellow passengers in particular, that he was the richest freight on board that gallant ship.

While thus indulging in the assumption of self-confidence, and no doubt dreaming that the "Caledonian" was exclusively built for his convenience, the passengers on board were far from being impressed with Mr. Fitzdoodle's importance, and took him for exactly what he was, an ignorant upstart puppy, sadly in want of brains, who ought to be "taken down a peg," for the good of society; and various were the remarks, sneers, and good-natured and ill-natured jokes passed upon him by those who had nothing to gain by his friendship, or to fear from his ill will. The captain of the "Caledonian," a thorough-bred Englishman, could not brook his *airs*, and said that he only tolerated them in case they might be becalmed, when fresh airs are particularly valuable; but these airs were at one time carried to a height so surprising that the captain *did* break forth into a rebuff, "excessively disagreeable" to the honourable gentleman, arising from the following circumstance.

The "Caledonian" had just come abreast of Cape St. Vincent, and was about to pass over the well known Bay of Biscay, Mr. Fitzdoodle was languishing on the quarter-deck, to which a sofa had been brought for his

accommodation. As he lay upon this, enfolded in a robe déshabille, and a green velvet cap on his head, with a gold tassel negligently bobbing from its apex, he directed his attention to the various objects around him, and as the wind began to freshen he had some qualms concerning a storm; and ideas of rafts, and riding ashore on hen coops and water butts, crossed his imagination. The captain, Roger Bluff, was busy enough to make all taut, and taking in sail, opening sail, clearing decks, lowering topmasts, reefing and making fast every line and yarn about the rigging. Mr. Gustavus Adolphus became rather fidgetty, and almost regretted not having taken some notice of the captain before; but considering him of an inferior rank, being only the captain of an Indiaman, he had not hitherto condescended to pay him even common attention. He therefore determined to "lower his topsails" a bit, to use a sailor's phrase, and to honour the captain with an observation, a remark, or a question, as either or all might be convenient. So stretching himself at full length, raising his back at the same time against the corner of the couch, between the puffs of his cigar, he opened his mouth after the following fashion:

"Puff—I say, you sarr—puff—you sarr there, with that thing in your hand—puff!"

This ejaculation was intended for the captain, who stood with a speaking trumpet in his hand, calling to his men from a spot close to the couch of our hero—to—

"Take another reef in the fore-top, and clew up the garnets of the main."

"You Mister—puff—what is the fellow's name? You skipper—I say, you fellow making such a horrid noise with that enormous shouting utensil—do you hear me call to you?—*skippare—mistare—fellow*—do you hear?"

The captain heard this plain enough, and not a little incensed at being treated with such marked disrespect in presence of his passengers and some of his crew, turned round sharply, with his face as red as that of a Turkey cock, and said—

"Do you know who I am, sir?"

"Why, upon my word—I—I am not quite certain," replied Fitzdoodle, coolly, at the same time rolling together a leaf of his cigar which had become loosened, "but I suppose you are—some——"

"Allow me to ask, sir, how many days you have been on board the 'Caledonian?'" said the captain, with a mock meekness and assumed deference.

"Why, as you particularly wish to know, and seem civil, I may say, some three days or so."

"Then, sir, your insolence is excusable. I tolerate it—*Puppies never open their eyes till the ninth.*"

Mr. Fitzdoodle's cigar dropped from his hand, which remained, as it were, paralyzed in the position in which he held it. The smoke slowly escaped from his half-opened mouth, after a "fixity of tenure" for a few moments. The hand descended towards the eye-glass, which being slowly raised to the eye, Mr. Fitzdoodle endeavoured to look through it; but the captain had removed to another part of the vessel. A loud burst of laughter, however,

followed the retort of the captain from those present on the quarter deck. Mr. Fitzdoodle looked unutterable things—his glass dropped from his eye—and sinking on the sofa, he called out for La Fosse and Lussac, who quickly made their appearance. "Bear me from this vulgar spot," cried he in a querulous voice. "I have been grossly insulted—insulted by the *skippare* of a trading boat. This shall be represented at the proper quarter—'nemo me impune lacessit.'"

"As the Scotchman said when he had the fiddle," rejoined the captain, who at that moment re-appeared on the quarter-deck; which tart conclusion to the honourable gentleman's Latin motto, occasioned another burst of laughter, in the roar of which Mr. Fitzdoodle descended the companion.

For several days, nay, for nearly a fortnight, did Mr. Fitzdoodle confine himself to the cabin; and to that domestic privacy which after what had happened upon deck certainly became him. At first he determined to send a challenge to the captain as soon as he should reach Calcutta. But this was placing himself in an awkward position, for he considered that the captain, the *skippare*, might be as good a shot as he was a spokesman, and that his first "bulletin" homewards, might give the account of a bullet in some part of his precious person: and thus, after many pro and con arguments within himself, he determined to leave the matter for the "investigation of the proper authority," and to chew the thistle of his mortification, the cud of his vexation, in patience, and to "digest the venom of his

spleen" with some of those delicious culinary preparations that his dear La Fosse knew so well how to prepare, and to solace his sorrows with curaçoa punch, orange water, bottled stout, and "choice Cubas."

But even this felicity was denied the unfortunate individual; for the "Caledonian," although a stiff sailor, knew how to kick in a capfull of wind as well as any ship in the universe, and sailing upon a "cross sea," she "waggled herself about" as the Frenchman said, as if she did not like the man to tickle her behind with the long pole called the helm, which seemed to him a sufficient reason for the bobs, the lurches, the ups and downs, and strainings, and heavings, she made in her course. These strainings and heavings were sympathetically felt by Mr. Fitzdoodle, who heaved and strained equally with the "Caledonian," and in dismal solitude bewailed his sickness. Forced upon deck at last, by those "horrid sensations" which can neither be imagined or described, and which are as instinctively shunned by the memory, he came forth with a face of ashes, in which the red tip of his nose appeared like a single raspberry in a dish of cream, with a brow curdled, as the Frenchman said, "vare lik de dropping of de pork," and with an elongation of jaw which shewed him to be quite "chap-fallen."

Again placed on his couch at the extremity of the poop, he sat like Patience on a monument—not smiling—but groaning, ever and anon shutting his eyes as the ship made a heave; and opening them for a moment

when she seemed steadier to take a short listless look at the merry passengers, and now and then hearing one ordering a "fat mutton chop," at the name of which a cold chill and shudder came over him, accompanied with an involuntary rising of the abdominal muscles. Sometimes the captain would throw in a remark jocosely, such as, "A good subject for turtle soup!" or, "It is a pity we cannot obtain hot rolls and butter!" Ladies, too, would volunteer their remarks, such as, "Poor soul! how pale he looks!" and recommend a little "clouted cream," or a spoonful of "castor oil" as a remedy for sea sickness; and the sailors as they passed aft to tighten a rope or to take their turn at the "tiller," would converse tenderly upon "mutton broth," "suet puddings," "oil cake turtle," and of the virtues of blubber and train oil, in cases of what they called "*spavins* in the stomach," and this would be continued till Mr. Fitzdoodle found it necessary to be carried below, to brood over the sickness of his sorrow, and the sorrow of his sickness, in the quiet solitude of his exclusive state cabin, alternately fainting and reviving in the arms of his cuisine and prizwigisine attendants.

But at last the weather moderated, and as the sea went down, the manhood and courage of our hero rose up. Fitzdoodle, as he emphatically pronounced, was himself again, and the sea had no terrors for him. He again dressed himself like a nabob, bedizened himself with jewels, "swapping rings" as the sailors said; seals big enough to knock down the cannon ports at Irongate

Stairs, and pins big enough to spit a couple of ducks, and oil enough in his whiskers to baste them with. He seemed indeed to have recovered all his pride, all his dignity, and, what was of far more importance, he had recovered his appetite, and the cabouse and the cooking room were filled with culinary apparatus of a recherché kind, such as silver saucepans, for melted butter, and platina ones for greens, while boiled, broiled, stewed, and roast, succeeded each other hour after hour, or with simultaneous activity, in the preparations of such dinners as no other persons in the vessel had the slightest pretensions to, and frequently to the postponement of such gastronomical preparations as they had. This was a deep-felt injury indeed; for if there be anything in the wickedness of this wicked world more wicked than another, it is certainly that of disappointing a hungry man of his dinner; and if there be any thing more calculated than another to raise an Englishman's ire, wrath, fury, and indignation, it is keeping him for any conceivable length of time under the sensation of hunger; and of this sense of indignation, very properly felt by the captain, the crew, and the passengers, it was determined to take advantage, and a plot was laid to give Mr. Fitzdoodle such a "roasting," "stewing," and "basting," as should teach him "better manners," and show him that other folks have comforts to be attended to as well as himself.

The "Caledonian" had made such way that she was now verging on the equinoxial line, and on Christmas Day the captain, the mates, first and second, the

sailors, and by far the greater number of passengers, had singled out Mr. Fitzdoodle as the especial victim for the well known ceremony of "shaving," practised on board vessels passing the equator tropics and Europa Point. The origin of this custom is supposed to be very ancient, it is commonly followed on board foreign as well as British ships. Europa Point at Gibraltar being one of the places, it may have arisen at the time when that was considered the western boundary of terra firma.

On the departure of a vessel from England by either of the aforesaid routes, much ingenuity is exerted by the old seamen and their confederates to discover the initiated, as those who have once "crossed" claim immunity, many pretend to have undergone the operation; but from the cunning of the old sailors they are usually detected in their falsehoods, and an extra scrape is sure to be their portion. Mr. Fitzdoodle having received an intimation of the custom, proudly declared that he would not undergo the ceremony, and seemed to think it quite impossible that any body should touch him. Was he not an honourable?—was he not descended from an ancient family?—was he not a relation of the Governor General?—was he not charged with government papers of importance?—and was it to be borne that he, so high, so puissant, and so mighty, should suffer his precious face to be anointed with "scupper grease," and scraped with an iron hoop especially notched for the occasion?—Impossible!

Christmas Eve is in general the time for a bit of a

spree on board ship; for wherever a sailor is—let it be hot or cold—whether he be in the midst of the tropics, with the sun vertically scorching him, or coasting round the pole with no sun at all, and his brandy frozen as hard as a flint—yet the season of Christmas always brings a warmth of heart with it—a flowing bowl, a plum pudding, and roast beef—and with these incitements to be merry, and sometimes without them, Jack is prepared for a bit of fun, a lark, or a spree; and of all bits of fun, larks, or sprees, that of crossing the line, and that on a Christmas day, is perhaps the most spreeful.

"The sun went down red into the sea," and looked, as the boatswain said, "like a glorious plum pudding soused in gravy." The moon rose up broad, large, full, and round, and hung like a pancake in the mellow air. They indicated a joyful day on the morrow; and cans of grog, and bowls of punch, flitted before the "mind's eye" of the jolly tars; and ideas of splicing the main-brace grew mighty within them, and made their feet light as those of fawns, and their hearts lighter than their feet, and they sprang as nimbly from plank to plank, from rope to rope, and from yard to yard, as if they had become intoxicated with the essence of india rubber. But there was one idea that soared above the rest, in the very indulging of which Jack's heart beat quicker, and his heels felt lighter, and his "baccy" seemed sweeter to the tooth—and that was, the idea or notion that an opportunity would occur for sousing Mr. Fitzdoodle in that especial amalgam so well known, and of taking the

curl out of his whiskers, the otto of roses from his cheeks, and the self-importance from his person.

But all these "deep emotions" were kept secret, and much reserve and mystery were observed among the ship's company. "A deed was to be done." Stale soap suds, bilge water, with its odour *sui generis*, cabbage broth, with other mixtures and messes, tar, grease, candle snuffs, soot, quids of tobacco, and what the sailors call "puddefat marrow," were collected in large quantities. The novices, poor creatures!—and there were many of them on board—were in agonies of suspense, and those that were wise prepared peace offerings in the shape of bottles of rum, five-shilling pieces, or orders on the purser for beer and baccy, which they transmitted or took to the captain of the forecastle, who acted as Neptune's deputy. But Mr. Fitzdoodle, nor any of his retinue, made any offerings, feeling themselves quite secure in the dignity of their station and the importance of their commission. The night was, indeed, a busy one among the sailors; and as the sea was unusually calm, with a soft breeze "right aft," time and opportunity were abundant to make fearful preparations for the morrow. The scenery, dresses, and decorations were prepared upon a scale of unusual splendour. The music and pantomime were duly rehearsed; wigs made, crowns manufactured, sceptres and tridents bespoke from the scullions, and a throne concocted on a principle equally patriotic, regal, and convenient, and a car prepared of the most unique and triumphant description.

Early in the morning all was quiet, everything being

kept especially out of sight till the auspicious moment should arrive for the pageant to begin, namely, at the time the sun crossed the meridian, namely, twelve o'clock. The young midshipmen were on the quarter-deck with their sextant taking observations, so as to determine the exact moment nautically. A ten-pounder was loaded on the forecastle; and while all was suspense, and, as they say, excitement was at its height—"She dips!" was heard from the middy. "Bang" went the ten-pounder. "Hurrah!" cheered the crew, and "Ship a-hoy!" was heard, in a voice like thunder, from the fore chains.

"Ship a-ho—o—o—y!"

"Hallo!" answered the steersman.

"Neptune, monarch of the sea, autocrat of sharks, emperor of whales, and generalissimo of dolphins, herrings, sprats, and oysters, wants to come on board the 'Caledonia.'"

"What does he come for?"

"To shake hands with his friends, and shave his enemies."

"Come on board."

This invitation was followed by a hideous noise from speaking trumpets, the deep yell of a large gong situated on the forecastle, and a loud cheer. A bugle now sounded something like "Rule Britannia," and the "Conquering Hero Comes," but it was difficult to tell which tune predominated, and in a few minutes the god Neptune appeared in all the "majesty of his glory."

He was personated by a man of herculean stature, naked to his middle. He wore a hideous mask, and he was crowned with the head of a huge wet swab, the ends of which reached to his loins, to imitate flowing locks. A piece of tarpaulin vandyked encircled the head of the swab, garnished with star-fish, and served as a diadem. His right hand wielded a boarding pike, manufactured into a trident, and his body was marked with red ochre, to represent fishes' scales, while an enormous beard of sea-weed flowed over his bosom. He was attended by two other representatives of Tritons, blowing through speaking trumpets, and dressed in a similar manner. Another personified Amphitrite, having locks also formed of swabs, a petticoat of canvas, a girdle of red bunting, and in her hand a comb and a looking-glass. They were followed by about twenty grim-looking fellows, naked to the middle, with their bodies marked to represent scales, and with various seafaring devices appending from their robes. These were the mermen and body guard of Neptune, each armed with a swab and a boarding pike.

His Majesty and attendants were received on the forecastle with great mock respect by the assembled sailors, and Neptune was presented with a glass of grog, and drank the captain's health with three times three. He was then mounted upon his car of state—the carriage of an 18-pounder, which had been dressed up with old flags for the occasion—and he was then drawn along by the Tritons towards the quarter-deck, where the captain stood laughing and ready to receive him; Mr. Fitz-

doodle and his staff apparently greatly delighted with the ceremony, and chuckling with suppressed laughter: the Frenchmen grinning, as the sailors said, like "Cheshire cats."

Neptune now addressed the captain, and said he was happy to see him again that way; that he believed there were some Johnny Raws on board that had not paid their dues—casting a sidelong look at Mr. Fitzdoodle—and whom he intended to make "free of the sea," and initiate into salt-water mysteries. The captain answered that he was happy to see him, and begged of him to do his "sporting gently," and not to make any more noise or confusion than was necessary, begging him to remember that he had persons of *consequence* on board, who were on no occasion to be molested. The Honourable Mr. Fitzdoodle touched his hat, and the captain gave a sly wink.

The whole party now descended to the main-deck, making a hideous uproar. Here they were joined by all hands, and as a preliminary step, grog was served out all round. Half-a-dozen barbers now appeared with buckets of "shaving cream," not quite equal to "Price and Gosnell's" preparation, but making up in quantity what might be wanting in quality. The barbers had also enormous razors, made of iron hoops, which they flourished with prodigious energy, as they did their shaving brushes made of tar, equally ready for execution. They had also boxes of tropical pills, prepared from the sheep pen, and a succedaneum prepared from the pig sty, of equal importance.

A large tub was quickly brought, and placed exactly "midships;" it was soon partly filled with stale suds and other matters too numerous to mention, and which can be better imagined than described. Across this was stretched a plank—of course moveable. Several of the sailors now mounted into the maintop with buckets of salt-water, and the crew, dividing themselves into parties of six or seven, dashed off in different directions in quest of the "Greenhorns," "Johnny Raws," and "Griffins," as yet uninitiated in the mysteries of Neptune.

The first victim laid hold of was La Fosse, the Frizzure Shaver-General to Fitzdoodle. He was caught in the act of heating his curl tongs, and was actually led by the nose through the especial instrumentality of these instruments, to the chair or plank of ceremony, uttering hideous outcries, and declaring that the Prince de Joinville with his war steamers should revenge the insult offered to his nation through his person, by bombarding Margate, sacking Ramsgate, burning Gravesend, and annihilating Broadstairs. But cries or threats were of no avail; La Fosse was told that it was necessary, for the honour of his nation, that he must be "free of the sea," and was jerked upon the plank before he knew where he was, he at the same time exclaiming most vociferously, "Sare! vat for sare! I am de citocen of de grand nation. You no violate my—" Here a tar-brush, popped into his mouth, stopped the sentence, and a wet swab dabbed upon his head, forced him to kick and plunge woefully. The shavers now appeared, and

gave the poor Frenchman such a rasping that he fainted under the operation, and, the board giving way, floundered in the tub of pickle, till its pungent flavour revived him; when, suddenly making a tremendous leap—as a Frenchman knows how—he slipped through his tormenters' fingers like an eel, and, all bedaubed and dripping as he was, flung himself for protection among a group of ladies laughing on the quarter deck, who, by no means relishing the flavour of his person, fled in consternation below, the Frenchman following, till he disappeared no one knew whither.

Another party had by this time secured Lussac, the French cook, who was caught with nightcap on head, dredging box in hand, trussed capon in eye, spitted and ready for the fire. Upon being formally summoned to take up his freedom, he immediately stood upon the defence, dashed the contents of his dredging box into the face of one of his assailants, sent a shovelful of curry powder into the eyes of a second, and distributed a shower of pepper over the olfactories of a third; he then presented the point of his spit first at one and then at the other, and stood at bay, till a party from behind applied a toasting fork with such vigour to his seat of honour, that he ran up on deck, roaring with pain, and was immediately overpowered by another party, and taken at once to the "tub and plank" with the spitted capon still in his hand, the surrounding Tritons cheering loudly, and calling out, "Gravy for the cook!—force meats for the cook!—bastings for the cook!—and scaldings—"

Lussac had heard that the wisest plan, in the situation to which he was now reduced, was to "keep his mouth shut;" and by no means pleased by the savour of the soap suds and pickle which surrounded him, instinctively clenched his teeth and screwed in his lips, closing the alimentary aperture as closely as the two shells of an oyster, and squeezing in his eyes till they became as obliterated as those of a mole.

"Sing 'God save the Queen!'" said Neptune.

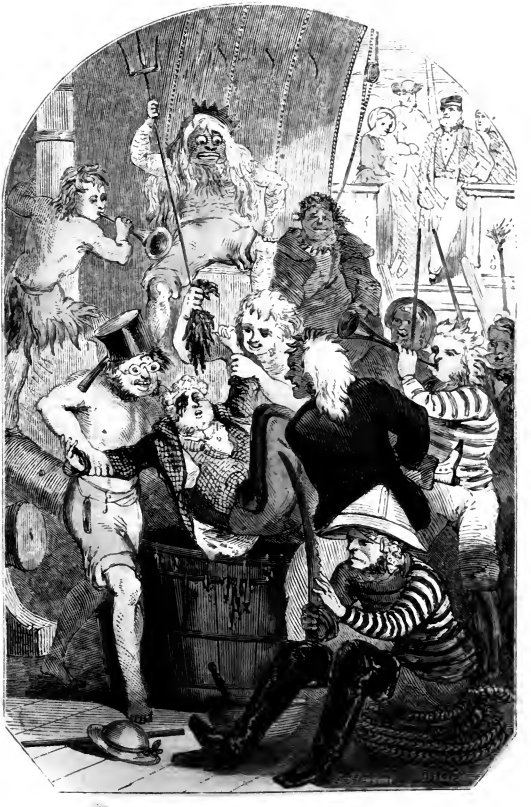
Lussac shook his head, and gave a um-m-m, meaning that either he could not, should not, or would not, and a cataplasm of soap and grease was dabbed on his head, and a ladleful of liquor distilled itself over his distorted features.

"Sing 'Rule Britannia!'" cried Neptune.

Lussac gave another shake of the head, and a negative um-m-m, which was the signal for a general lather of his beard, which was performed in first-rate style by a barber on each side, and the tar, and grease, and slush, stood in lumps and cakes upon his cheeks and jaws.

"Sing 'Vive le Louis Philippe and de Prince de Joinville!'" said Neptune.

This was too congenial for the Frenchman to resist, and he opened his potato trap wide for a "Vive"—at which instant a forcemeat ball of the richest description was popped into his mouth, a tremendous rasp was drawn across his face by the iron hoop razors, the board was slid from under him, and he was soused in the pickle, like a partridge in gravy, and suffered to scramble forth towards the cabouse—all "dripping."



Mr. Fitzdoodle had, in common with the passengers, sat upon the quarter deck, richly enjoying this spree; and, attached as he was both to the cook and barber, he both relished the joke and laughed at it. But, alas! the time was now come for him to laugh on the other side of his mouth: for old Neptune and his Tritons, and their numerous satellites, advanced in a body towards the quarter deck. The captain, seeing this movement and knowing the object of it, slyly withdrew himself, leaving Master Neptune to have his own way. Neptune therefore advanced boldly, and, addressing the company, observed that all who refused Neptune his dues were liable to "pains and penalties;" that custom required conformity with "ancient usage," and that six dozen of champagne, ten gallons of brandy, twenty dozen of porter, half a pipe of port, and twenty bottles of rum, were not too much for "gentlemen who bore arms, and who were related to the Governor-General;" and therefore he hoped that, for the conclusion of the day's sport, the Honourable Augustus Adolphus Eugene Fitzdoodle would comply with his demand, and give orders to his "people" to "grant the aforesaid supply" without hesitation, or he should be reluctantly compelled to put in execution those ceremonies from which no rank or degree was exempt, and which, although extremely beneficial to the individual, were by no means either pleasant or inviting.

"You blackguard dog, how dare you talk thus to me?" indignantly replied the little man, swelling himself out as much as he was able, and trying all in his

power to look a few inches higher. "Get out of the quarter deck, you rascal, or I will kick you."

"Avast there!" said Neptune, and, raising his trident with a majestic air, he continued: "Heresy and sedition, rebellion and treason, to my authority on the high seas! Make him a free man to the back bone!" —this last part of the sentence being understood to mean, "Give it him well, my hearties!"

Fitzdoodle was surrounded, and caught up legs and wings, like a sparrow. He struggled, roared, foamed at the mouth, kicked, bit, and scratched; but he was no more in the hands of the jolly tars that held him, than a mouse in the jaws of a cat, a tadpole in the maw of a duck, or a sprat in the gullet of a whale; and so he was borne triumphantly to the "seat of the uninitiated," and bumped down with a jerk that seemed as if it would dislocate every limb; while, at the moment of his enthronement, a bucket of the richest of all the rich preparations of that eventful day was poured on the top of his Macassar-oiled head, and ran down like stalactites over his curled whiskers, falling in precious drops upon his shoulders, where it formed a most splendid pair of epaulettes, worthy of the Governor-General himself.

Fitzdoodle kicked with his legs underneath the plank, but soon found out that this action by no means bettered his condition, as the more he kicked the greater was the very questionable odour, which even his scented hair, whiskers, and linen could not overpower. He fought with his arms; but sundry accidental wraps on his

knuckles with the big end of marlinspikes, made that a hazardous manifestation of fury; and at last he sat patient as a lamb, and the tears trickled through the grease of his cheek, and found their way down his "innocent nose."

"Sing 'O be joyful!'" said Neptune; and Mr. Fitzdoodle opened his mouth to sing, but the words were cut short by one of Neptune's everlasting pills—for no one ever forgets their flavour; at the same instant the shaving brushes were applied, the razors brandished, and Mr. Fitzdoodle's whiskers by some means, fair or foul, scraped off as clean as tar and grease could make them. The next operation, of sousing, immediately followed; and, being of small dimensions, the little man's sousings were completely performed, and as he arose from the tub, like some poor unfortunate dog, who has unwittingly plunged into a cart of soap lees, he dragged his slow length along towards the quarter deck, accompanied by the cheers of the crew and passengers, and assailed by buckets of water, both from the main and mizzen tops, till he dived down the ladder of the companion, and was completely lost to public view, not only for the remainder of the day, but for the remainder of the voyage; for, alas! his whiskers would not grow again, and he could not show himself without his whiskers.

So Mr. Fitzdoodle neither showed himself nor his airs during the voyage; and, with regard to reporting this indignity to the "proper quarter," and obtaining vengeance on the "vulgar skippare," he thought, upon calm

reflection, that the best way would be to keep the matter secret, or that the basting he had received might be followed by a roasting to the end of his days, and that the "wet shaving" might be followed by a "dry shaving" of jokes and puns, equally mortifying with all the horrors of the tub, and the rough handling of old Father Neptune.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY;

OR, THE

First of September.

April the first is a great day among little boys and girls, who make each other fools, and send "greenhorns" for pigeons' milk, or to see the lions washed in the Tower Ditch. The ninth of November is a great day among children of a larger growth, when Lord Mayors and Lady Mayoresses, old and new, men in armour, bargemen, liverymen, and lightermen make a show. The fourteenth of February is a great day among youths and lasses, and burns with flames and bleeding hearts, and darts and roses, with little Cupids jumping out of them, and young ladies and gentlemen sitting on banks of violets, as drawn in Valentines. It glows, too, with fat cooks and brass stewpans, donkeys dressed like dandies, goats like old gentlemen, cats like old maidens, and puppies like young gentlemen. St. Swithin's in July, and St. Taffy's in March, are both great days for *leaks*, and St. Patrick's is the especial day of broken heads and whisky, and Irish glory. But of all the three hundred and sixty-five days, or sometimes three hundred and sixty-six days, with which the year is blessed, there is none which

has half so much interest to a true Londoner as the first of September.

Some days are great from being associated with great events. The twentieth of January is especially remembered by kings; and it is reported that on the annual recurrence of this day, every king in Europe gets up with a "crick" in his neck. The four quarter days are well known to fill with anxiety and apprehension a very large proportion of the people. The longest day is one of the warmest, and the shortest day one of the coldest, arising from the philosophical principle that heat lengthens and cold contracts all things. There are, therefore, philosophical days. The "opening of oysters" is an event of great importance, and has its day celebrated by the opening of mouths and the lighting up of grottoes. It belongs especially to the *vox populi.* Then there are the first days of Term, as we term them, dedicated to hungry lawyers, who gulp down a case like oysters, and give the shell of expenses to their clients; and the dog days, in which the cry of "mad dog!" puts policemen to their wits' end, without their being a whit the wiser, and which said dog days very properly end the day after partridge shooting commences, which accounts for the reason that dogs go mad at this time, owing, of course, to their excessive anticipation of coursing.

But men go mad at this season as well as dogs, and boys also go mad; and that particular nondescript thing between a man and a boy, called a hobble-de-hoy, is especially rabid September the first; and of the mad

pranks of two of these half-men, half-boy nondescripts on the aforesaid day, it is the province of the following story to make manifest.

Great Britain is a great country, the glory of the world, and the admiration of surrounding nations. It is great in its beer, in its beef, in its soap; for there is no country like England for soap. It is also somewhat "big" in its soft sawder, especially the more western portion of it, called Ireland. But there is another part of the world which bears the contradistinctive term "Little Britain," in the very heart, and centre, and heart's core of the mighty Babel called London. It is a narrow street very much in the form of a dog's hind leg, debouching upon an hospital for adults towards the right, having in its centre front another hospital for boys called "blue coats," or "yellow breeches," according to the taste of those who speak of them. To the left this said street extends itself towards the capacious throat of an inn called in books the "Bull and Mouth," but more expressively and emphatically by denizens of the spot, "The Mouth."

In this central spot of the whole universe, surrounded on every side by the wealth, grandeur, glory, beauty, and majesty of the metropolis, overlooked by the towering cupola of St. Paul's, revived twice a week by the fragrance of Smithfield;—handy to the General Post Office, a mere run from Williams' dining-rooms, where food for the body may be obtained at the small matter of ninepence per plate, and equally approximate to Paternoster Row, where food for the mind is dished up at a

penny a sheet. In this El Dorado of a spot—so central, so convenient, so proudly pre-eminent as a centre within a centre, as the bright eye of a nucleus, as the essential mathematical essence of a centre—was a cheesemonger's,—mighty in Stiltons, redolent in Yorkshires, profuse in eggs, and unparalleled in Dorsets. In summer might be seen, "down among the rushes, O!" "rich creams," or, set forth on the leaves of the vine, "little Margarets," sometimes vulgarly called pats, or patties of butter; and at Christmas time huge casks sliced down the middle without a break, were protruded from the window, with devices of crowns and A. V.'s of red holly berries, to tempt customers by the irresistible arguments of loyalty and attachment to Church and State, to buy bacon, to lay in eggs, and to taste double Gloster, while bladders of hog's lard, like the enormous eggs of "some gigantic roc," such as carried away Sinbad the Sailor, show their bald heads from amid stacks of "pine apple Chedders," to speak as well as they could of "puff pastry," "cold cream," and the frying of pancakes.

And here dwelt, during the greater part of the year, "Twig & Son," partners, the former as fat as his own butter tubs, and the latter as attenuated as "a yard of Cambridge," or, as the lasses would sometimes more poetically express,—

> "As long and lean
> As a French bean."

The former was a boy of the old school, and had no idea

of anything but of "making money,"—honestly if he could—but of making money. He had been churchwarden, and this office had satisfied all his ambition. He had been overseer, and this had cured him of all his sentimentality and sensibility of "narves." He was one of the lights of the city, called a liveryman, and, to show that he was never in the dark, always voted on the strongest side in every election in Candlewick Ward.

His son William, just taken into partnership with his papa, was, of course, one of the new school, as his father was of the old—a personification of "Young England"—a riding, and walking, and dancing, and quadrilling, and neckerchief-tying, and pin-sticking, cigar-smoking, and polka-dancing blade. He wore a diamond ring on his finger, and beat up butter and cut up bacon under its auspices. He carried an eye-glass by a black ribbon round his neck, with which he ogled the eggs inside his shop, and the lasses outside: he made himself an inch taller by high-heeled boots; several inches broader by a top taglioni; something handsomer by dyeing his red hair and whiskers black, or rather of a bluish black; and he considered himself irresistible by his moustache, and the point imperial on his chin. He had also as parts of his turn-out, when he turned out, a 'oss, a dog, a gun, a rod, a pouch, spurs, a shooting jacket, and a *friend*—ready for anything.

This friend of Mr. Timothy Twig was Mr. Thomas Canister—called generally Mr. T., or Tea Canister, and very significantly, because he was a grocer and tea

dealer. Some said Tommy, as he was more commonly called, was named after the Tom cat; others would associate him with that description of eatables which sailors and soldiers designate Soft Tommy, and christened him accordingly. He lived exactly opposite "Twig & Co.," and was, although congenial in sentiments, the very antipodes in personal appearance to Timothy. On days of slavery, as he used to call them, Tommy might be seen with a very decent brown paper cap on his head, a white apron over his knees, and delicate "canvas cuffs" on his forearms to save his coat from defilement, wetting plums, birch-brooming his tea, or sanding his sugar, looking all the time as much like an honest tradesman as was possible. On Sundays and holidays Tommy went what he called "a cut higher," and disported his somewhat awkward person in a blue coat and brights, a yellow waistcoat and tights, and close-fitting bluchers, which, from his being a little knock-kneed, showed him off to great advantage. In these he was prepared to go "great lengths," either in country excursions, or in "London particulars" as they might occur, and being of a quaint and somewhat witty turn, and at all times vastly good humoured, and having a mind as thick-skinned as the body of a rhinoceros, the shafts of ridicule or the arrows of sarcasm had no effect upon him; and thus he went through scenes of the most extraordinary kind with perfect *sang froid*, and was as "cool as a cucumber" at sneers and taunts which would have put other young men's blood into a rampant, raging, West India piccallilly fever. His con-

stant ejaculation to all the attacks of his persecutors was, "to draw it mild," and his advice to himself and others was always to "take it coolly." Occasionally he would cry out, "Not quite so much attrition, if you please;" or, "A little more hile and less grit." If very much "put upon," he might ejaculate, "Don't rasp me too much, or I may be crusty;" and when indisputably insulted, he would only call out to the next bystander, "to curb him up tight and put on his breeching, or he should kick over the traces;" and it was difficult to tell whether this equanimity of temper did not proceed as much from philosophy as from foolishness; but certain it is, that by it, Mr. T. Canister avoided many of the ills that "hot livers and cold purses" are occasionally heirs to.

On the other hand, Mr. Timothy Twig was never to be insulted with impunity. He knew what was due to himself and to his station in society, and always bore about him the rights and privileges of a citizen. He also knew the law—what was calculated to lead to a breach of the peace, and what might be called "insulting language"—and where "imprince" might be legitimately said to end, and defamation of character to begin. He also kept a note book of magisterial decisions, in cases of being found "incapable," or of altercations with cab or buss-men. He knew the whole of the New Police Act by heart; in short, he was so thoroughly imbued with legal acumen, that he put on a face of assumption which might have qualified him for a lord, had it not been from his occasionally murdering the Queen's English, such as aspirating I's and O's when there was no occasion

for it, and of making them silent where they ought to be vociferous.

Without going into further characteristic particulars, such were the "two friends," who in a small way were ready to imitate Juba and Syphax, Orestes and Pylades, Brutus and Cassius, or any other of the heroes of "Enfield's Speaker." They had been sworn brothers in weal or woe, above the arch of St. John's Gate, as true Knights of Jerusalem, amid the smoke of pipes of tobacco, and the fumes of "little goes of rum and water;" and having to a certain extent become celebrated as toastmen and vocalists, and as utterers of sentiments of social sociability, they longed for a field to distinguish themselves in more manly affairs. Tommy had set his heart's hopes on the *rod*, and Timothy on the *gun*; and as the hot dog-days wore off, it was a matter of anxious deliberation which sport should have the high honour of giving them immortality.

Many were the meetings, many the consultations, many were the arguments pro and con, for the respective merits and advantages of the rod and the gun. Half a dozen times a day Timothy would pop over to Thomas with a "new idea" on the subject, and as often would Tommy throw a line over the way, having at its end a "fresh bait" for a fishing excursion—such as the great advantage to be derived from the use of "cheese hoppers" as gentles, and of the employment of old Chedder as a ground-bait. To this, Timothy would reply by adverting to the greater glory of "gunpowder," and the advantage of sugar cartridge as wadding; and

thus, up to the very thirty-first of August it was undecided whether the long projected holiday of a week was to be under the guardianship of Pluto or Neptune, or to relate to fire or to water.

An expedient was at last devised by Mr. Timothy, which was to settle the affair in an amicable manner. He proposed to determine the question of a fishing or a shooting excursion by the disputants agreeing to a feast of oysters, in which the genius who should open and eat the greatest number of oysters in a quarter of an hour, should be declared to have the right of legislating upon future movements. As both the young gentlemen were fond of oysters, and had mouths which seemed especially made for such a feast, and as both were equally confident in the supremacy of their powers in this way, the ordeal was agreed to at once; and at eight o'clock on the evening of the thirty-first of August the affair came off at one of the stalls in Smithfield, among the pens. The watches were set, and the opponents' friends stood forward at the "tubs," each armed with a knife; and having communicated their "notions" to the good oyster woman, and laid down a certain amount of silver to defray expenses, set to in good earnest to open and to eat. A crowd soon collected; and "Well done, butterman!" and "Well done, grocer!" was heard on all sides. Nothing could be more glorious than to see these two young men thus settling their differences; how much better than duelling, or going to law, or arguing, or snubbing, or trying to cajole each other!—and how well worthy were they of being followed by

those who differ in politics or religion! At last, however, when both were soused in liquor, and each had demolished exactly three dozen of natives, poor Master Tommy swallowed a bad oyster. He gave a shudder—made a prodigious wry face—looked very pale—heaved at the *chest*—trembled all over the *trunk*—looked as if he was going to be *boxed* up—and gave up the contest.

A day's shooting was now determined on, to the great glorification of Master Timothy, who thereupon went home to furbish up his fowling-piece, and to store himself with the best meal powder, and shot, from seven to fifteen inclusive. He also laid in a stock of cigars, rinced out his brandy flask, made ready his sandwich case—an old cash box—bought a new stock of percussion caps, got ready his game bag, and gave his poodle Fancy an extra roll of tripe and a skewer of liver from the cat's-meat shop at number ten, that he might have redoubled vigour for the sport to be anticipated on the following day. The whole of the night and part of the early morning was spent by both parties in making further preparations of a similar character; and as St. Paul's clock struck six, the heroes set forth from their respective dwellings, dressed and equipped "cap-à-pie," for the murderous slaughter for which this day is so celebrated.

"There goes six o'clock," said Tommy, as the old bell twanged in his ear and reverberated through him for several seconds. "There goes six o'clock, and by the time our shop is opened and watered, I fancy we shall be pretty well dusted, for the sun is as hot as the

inside of a coffee-roaster I fancy; I wish this velveteen coat was not quite so thick. The confounded fellow in Long Lane told me that green was a cool colour, and that I should be as cool as a cucumber in it. But I am as hot as *pepper*."

"Never mind," returned Timothy, "so long as we are *mustard* in time; and here we are, fresh as larks and ready for anything; which road shall we take? Shall we go and shoot over Plumsted Marshes, or shall we go after the partridges in Epping Forest?"

"Partridges! partridges, for my money!" cried Thomas. "Epping Forest is a famous place for partridges; I have seen the young ones run with egg shells on their backs, asking one to shoot them; and if we can get a few boys to help to drive the old ones into a corner, we shall have precious sport."

"Ay," rejoined the young butterman; "I know where you caught that idea: you read the account of Prince Albert in the 'Zaminer.' Was not his sport?—didn't the lords and gamekeepers drive them up in a fix? Oh, I should like to have seen the Prince slap in amongst them with his double barrel; first one then the other! Oh, the thought of it! I feel now just as if I could——"

"Murder! murder!" cried a voice, a few paces ahead.

And well enough might Murder be called; for Timothy, suiting the action to the word, had instinctively put his fowling-piece to his shoulder, and levelled it at a woman coming from Leadenhall Market, with a basket of ducks upon her head, who dropped them and

ran off, shouting Murder most lustily, while the ducks set up one of their interminable gobbles, and one of them having broken through the wicker-work that held them in, the rest followed his example, and the whole batch were waddling about Cheapside and gobbling at everything that came in their way with perfect unconcern, to the astonishment of even the sportsmen themselves, who, seeing the disaster, dashed down Wood Street in a twinkling, and were lost from observation in the mazes of Lad Lane and Bucklersbury.

Another quarter of an hour brought the sportsmen to Whitechapel, and as the streets began to swarm with the "lower orders" going to their daily toil, and the stones rattled with fish carts, steaming from Billingsgate, or with butchers' drays setting off to the West End, these aspirants for the honours of the gun were nimbly trotting onwards in the highest glee, ever and anon looking backwards for some early coach travelling their way, in which they might get a lift to Stratford or Leytonstone, or to both. That they were the observed of all observers was not to be wondered at, when the peculiarity of their dress and equipments was taken into consideration, and which is certainly worthy of description. Both the youths had of course shooting jackets; that of Thomas was of green velveteen, and fitted him very much like a sack; under it he wore a bird's-eye waistcoat, with a greyhound button, a pink satin stock, and over it a leathern shot belt passing from the top of the right shoulder under the left arm. His smalls were nankeen, unfortunately a little too short,

and, to make up for this deficiency, he wore over his shooting shoes, shooting gaiters of drab. His gun was carried manfully on his neck close to his ear, and very transversely, and its muzzle had been thrust through the handle of a carpet bag, which, with a tiger emblazoned thereon, hung behind his back like the charged shield of some noble knight going to the crusades. It need not be said that the carpet bag was for the game.

Timothy was not behind his companion in peculiarity of equipment. He rejoiced in a shooting jacket of brown velveteen figured with yellow, which gave him all the glory of a golden beetle. His vest was a gay plaid, and his stock blue, with an enormous round-headed pin stuck in front, equal in size to a bullet. His continuances were nothing less than cords and top boots, fitted, as he said, either for riding, walking, driving, or going into the water after the birds, should any unite with their death by fire the fashionable choice of a watery grave. Timothy carried his gun also manfully on his shoulder or near it, having suspended behind the sandwich or cash box, while his large flap pockets bulged out with a knuckle of ham, some eggs boiled hard, a hunch of bread, and a brandy bottle. Each young gentleman also carried an umbrella of respectable cotton, and each wore on the top of his head one of those very comfortable half nightcap, half old woman's bonnet, with a small touch of the flannel jam-strainer, nondescript covering called a "Scotch hoof," tied with a bow behind, and sticking up before, so as to add a most expressive lackadaisicallity to the features.

Thus habited, the youths passed on to Mile End turnpike, occasionally saluted by such expressions as, "Where are you going?" or by tender inquiries as to whether their mammas were aware of their absence from home; but, nothing daunted, the heroes passed on till at last they were overtaken by the early Epping coach, and having made a bargain to be set down in the middle of the forest, they got up and pursued the even tenor of their way, delighted with the freshening breeze, the green trees, and the greener duck ponds—startled occasionally by the fumes of a vitriol factory, or the suffocating smoke of the limekiln at Bow bridge, or the fragrance of the mud dock just beyond it, till at last the Green Man at Leytonstone opened upon their view, and the full expanse of the mighty forest was before them.

The hearts of the youths leaped into their mouths as the coach stopped, and a fine burst of sunlight dashed over the forest like a "new idea." Timothy leaped down with the agility of an "hape from a horgan," as he said, and made certain interesting inquiries about rum and milk, a potation of which was soon prepared for the use and benefit of the happy pair. As a very valuable adjunct, Timothy produced his knuckle of ham and his hard boiled eggs, and taking out his pocket knife, cut and hacked away for the benefit of himself and his companion, with an intense ardour which had seldom been equalled and never surpassed in that most hungry of all hungry places—the forest.

And now the coach was bowling away again fresh and merry, as if the glass of brandy-and-water taken by the

coachman had found its way up the handle and down the lannier of the whip to the horses' backs, and thence to their legs with an electric celerity. For it is a fact well known, although perhaps it has never been philosophically accounted for, that if you freshen up a coachman you are almost sure to freshen up the horses, although they may not have even been regaled with a wisp of hay or a sluice of water over their noses instead of into their throats; and thus it was that before Tommy and Timothy had discussed the knuckle of ham and given the bone for Fancy to carry till he could lie down and gnaw it, the coach again stopped, and the youths were informed that this was the best sporting spot in the forest, as it was here that the "stag was turned out" on Easter Monday; and that to the left were several duck ponds, and that to the right was a goose common; that right ahead was a sow with her "nine farrow," and that donkeys were as plentiful as blackberries all over the forest.

It would be difficult to describe the sensations of our young sportsmen when they felt themselves fairly and safely landed in what they supposed to be the centre of the forest, with a bright sunny day all before them, with perhaps cock and hen pheasants too numerous to mention within the reach of their guns—with partridges all but bagged—with rabbits having no fear of death before their eyes, but certainly doomed—and of chaffinches, bullfinches, sparrows, cock robins, blackbirds, singing their death songs like so many swans, and waiting for the blow which was so soon to lay them low.

"It is a pleasing but yet a painful thought," said Timothy, laying his hand on his liver, "that birds should not know they are going to be shot—and yet are shot." He was going to moralize still further when the feather of a passing crow overhead, just as a loud caw saluted Tom's ears, dropped full upon his nose.

"Why, I declare," said Tommy, "the birds have had the first fire. They have attacked us, and we will show no quarter."

"No quarter," replied Timothy, "nor half quarter neither;" with which observation he put a measure of powder in his gun, a pretty considerable sprinkle of shot, and rammed them down with a vehemence that showed him to be absolutely desperate. He then raised his piece and fired at the aggressor, who was far away from the reach of shot; but, the piece being overloaded, and Tim in a hurry, its recoil threw him backward into a ditch, beautifully variegated with brambles and nettles.

"I would not be so *nettled* at such a paltry circumstance," said Tommy, drily.

"I went clean into the ditch, and dirty out of it," said the cheesemonger; and so indeed he was; but not by any means was he conscious of the appearance of himself behind. Falling on his back the clay and mud of the ditch had painted him from the heels to the nape of the neck, with a dull half size, half soap, half Gloster cheese kind of a yellow; which, as it dried, became every moment more conspicuous, but being behind, was not seen by the young sportsman; and as Tommy calculated upon having the not enviable job of brushing it off,

and being at the same time deeply impressed with the maxim of "What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve at," and knowing besides that his young friend was not blessed with the power of backward vision, he determined to let him alone in his glory, and boldly and encouragingly ejaculated, as he pretended to look for the damage, "Phoo! there's no harm done. It will brush off when 'tis dry."

Timothy was satisfied, and the party proceeded; and having turned down the lane on the left from the Bald-faced Stag that leads to the warren, they strayed softly and silently along with their guns ready cocked, and Fancy at their heels looking quite surprised at each movement, and venturing upon a sniff, sometimes upon a bark, which latter instinct generally received for its reward a kick from one of Mr. Timothy's shooting shoes, accompanied with the well-known sportsman's phrase, "Down, Fancy!"—"Down, you beast!"—and "Down, you varmint!" when a blackbird sprung up which might have offered a fair shot; but both the sportsmen liked to fire at a bird on a tree, or on the turf, or in the hedge, where they could take deliberate aim, and thought shooting them on the wing was hardly giving themselves a fair chance.

As they passed onwards through briars and brambles, stunted sloe bushes and ferns, and were wading up to their knees in the tall weeds and rank grass, Timothy suddenly made a stumble upon something large and white, and odd-shaped enough, which upon investigation seemed to be the skeleton head of some animal. It

wasn't that of a sheep, it was too big for that; it wasn't that of a cow or bull, for it had no horns; and the only thing that seemed to perplex the youngsters was, whether the aforesaid head was that of a horse or an ass; at last Tommy settled the question by a very sage remark.

"I have often heard," he said, "that a jackass will eat his own head off," being a phrase the agriculturists generally use to express the inutility of keeping a horse or ass that has nothing to do, but which Tommy had interpreted literally. "Depend upon it," continued he, this "beast has eaten his own head off, and here it is."

"And no wonder," said Timothy, "for this is an uncommon place to get an appetite, for I feel just as if I could do the same."

"A fellow feeling makes you wondrous sharp set," replied Tommy; "but come, push along," he added; "keep one eye shut and your gun on the cock, and we'll soon bag something, depend upon it."

At this moment Fancy, who was a little ahead, gave a yelp and a yell and a bark, all so beautifully entangled with each other, as to produce a sound of infinite amazement and delight to the wanderers, who had their guns to their ears, and their eyes to the cocks, with the alacrity of cats to steal cream, and, seeing a thousand white fluttering things among the ferns, bobbing up and down with indescribable vividness, fired—bang-bang, one after the other, like the volley of a volunteer corps.

"What is it?" shouted Timothy.

"I don't know," said Tommy; and away they both ran toward the spot at which they supposed their shot

to have taken effect; but Fancy was there before them, and had nosed out a dead rabbit, which lay stark and stiff on the ground.

"Here's luck!" said Timothy; and taking up the rabbit, turned it round and round his head by means of a handle which he found in its hind leg, with prodigious energy; at the same time he uttered a shout so wild, so uncommon, so unearthly and appalling, as not only to make the woods ring, but to fill even Tommy with some apprehensions for his friend's sanity.

"Why, what in the name of figs do you call that?" said Tommy.

"That!" replied the grocer. "This," said he, "is a real wild rabbit; born, bred, and brought up in the forest."

"I don't mean the rabbit," returned Tommy; "I know what a rabbit is well enough; but what is that outrageous noise you are making?"

"That," replied Timothy, his face glowing with delight, and his eye flashing with an enthusiasm which none but a sportsman who has found game can understand—"that," said he, "is the true native American Ojibbeway war-whoop. I lately learned it in Piccadilly, at Catlin's Exhibition; and if it isn't the regular thing for this wild place, I'm no sportsman." He then gave another astounding shout; and putting one hand to the side of his mouth, and patting his lips with the other, he trilled forth the cadences of the whoop with peculiar elegance and effect, Tommy at the same time standing with the palms of his hands pressed closely

to both his ears, as if he was afraid that their drums would be split.

"My goodness, Timothy, what lungs you must have!" ejaculated Tommy. "Why, if you were ever to do the like of that in a churchyard, you would have the dead folk pop their heads up to see what was the matter. I am sure they would think the world was at an end; or that the duty was taken off tea, or something else equally wonderful. And as to game, why, you have scared every mother's son of all the rabbits we saw into their holes, and we shan't have another shot for a month."

Whether these young gentlemen would or would not have had another shot had they stayed a month or an hour on this spot, it may be not worth while to determine; but just as both were reloading their guns, a party, consisting of two gentlemen, accompanied by two ladies on horseback, drew near the place, seemingly in some consternation. The foremost of the gentlemen, a dashing man of about forty years of age, rode in advance of the party, and hastily inquired what was the matter.

"Matter!" said Timothy; "matter enough." But second thoughts coming over him, he squeezed the rabbit into the large pocket of his velveteen, and looking as blank as he could, said, "No matter."

"No matter!" said the gentleman, who was Sir Herbert Jopling, Lord of the Manor; "we thought somebody was being murdered."

"Murder has certainly been committed," observed the foremost lady, who had now emerged from the

trees; "for a part of the murdered body is peeping from yon hole there." So saying she playfully pointed with her riding-whip to Timothy's pocket, at the mouth of which the hind leg of the rabbit appeared.

"Poachers, I declare!" said the other lady, who now rode up. "Dear me!" she continued, putting her eye-glass to her eye, "how extremely interesting!—often heard of these fellows. I declare this is quite an incident; and to catch them in the very act! For the Lord of the Manor to be his own gamekeeper! Ha! ha! ha!"

Upon this the sportsmen looked mighty chapfallen, and Timothy tried to slide the rabbit into a maple bush on his right. The lady, however, observing this manœuvre, called out, "Sir Herbert! Sir Herbert! take care of your game!" and another loud "Ha! ha!" followed the conclusion of her sentence.

"Young men," said Sir Herbert, knitting his brows as well as he could, "how have you dared to trespass upon my *manor?*"

"I don't know how to account for it," replied Tommy.—For Timothy, generally so loquacious, was now completely chapfallen, and looked pale and shrivelled as an ill-pickled gooseberry.—"I don't know how to account for it; but you must attribute it to my want of *manners.*"

At this the whole party laughed loudly, with the exception of Sir Herbert, who looked very much like the picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy; for he relished the thing amazingly, and yet wished to make as much of it as he was able, for the entertainment of his

visitors, which his companions were. So, knitting his brow, he continued—"This is a pert and evasive reply, young man: pray have you a licence for shooting?"

"Oh, yes," said Tommy, "I have got a licence for shooting—here it is." So saying, he handed to Sir Herbert a small ticket.

"What is this?" continued the knight. "'Take notice that you are to receive ten sacks of best Wallsend Coals, of 224 pounds in each sack.' What does this mean? Do you call this a licence for shooting?"

"Yes; for shooting——coals," said Tommy. "I'm sorry I made the mistake and brought out the wrong one. But I have another for shooting rabbits at home, which I will send you by the Graham Conveyance at any time."

"Sir! This subterfuge will not avail you. You have broken the laws of your country," observed Sir Herbert, still keeping up his very grave look, at the same time that his friends were on the titter. "You have broken also the bounds of the forest, and you have also broken—"

"A rabbit's neck," interposed the young lady, who was no less than Lady Elizabeth Eglantine, and gave another "Ha, ha, ha!" which she ended with a request to Sir Herbert to be merciful to the poor fellow, and not to break his heart.

The knight found it impossible to keep up his magisterial cut; and so, relaxing his features, he began to put forth the *argumentum ad hominum* by observing, that his rabbits were dear to him; that they cost a

good deal to *preserve* them, and ought not thus to be sent *to pot*. That it was felony to shoot them, and subjected the offender to three years of silence, oakum-picking, water gruel, and red night-caps. He wished not to strike terror by baring the red arm of the law, but would appeal to them as gentlemen, as they no doubt were, and as men of honour, as citizens of London, whether it was not a matter of deep anxiety or great provokability and solemn responsibility, to have their rabbits shot. "And, gentlemen," continued the knight, "put yourselves now in my situation; how would you feel to have your domains invaded, your manorial rights violated, your magisterial dignity set at defiance, and your private property made sport of, by gentlemen who are well able to buy rabbits, and who may always obtain them for a shilling each? How would you act, gentlemen, if you were in my situation as lord of the manor here?"

"As lord of the manor," replied Tommy, doffing his cap as he spoke—"as lord of the manor, I would act in the manner of a gentleman; and putting myself in your lordship's situation, I should first say—no, I should first feel—that there were two young citizens of London here who might be some day Lord Mayors, and who from love of sport and a desire of celebrity with their guns were desirous of honouring the forest by their company. I should then, after having felt like a gentleman, say—'Gentlemen, your long walk and keen sport must have made you hungry; accompany me to the Manor House, and partake of some luncheon.' And then I, sir, answering for myself and my companion, would ob-

serve, that such hospitality would not be without its return; and that, when I filled the civic chair, Sir Herbert Jopling should sit not very far from Lord Canister; and that if ever Sir Herbert 'put up' for Essex, which would be better than being 'put up' about a rabbit, Lord Canister, or Mr. T. Canister, as the case might be, would give him his vote and interest."

Upon this, a loud laugh echoed through the trees, and Lady Eglantine called out, "A fair offer indeed, a very excellent personation of a true lord of manors. Take the hint, Sir Herbert; our noble friends will make excellent characters at our masked ball to-night. Pray let them be invited, 'an thou lovest me.'"

Sir Herbert, with mock eloquence, replied in the most polite manner to Mr. T. Canister, and ended his oration by making a very civil invite to the Hall, whose tall chimneys stood above the trees at no great distance. When he "paused for a reply," as Brutus did, the little grocer gave the cheesemonger a very significant wink, as much as to say, "Jenny Deans in Richmond Gardens, with the Duke of Argyll and Queen Caroline, was nothing to me in Epping Forest with the Lord of the Manor." And he thereupon added to the aforesaid wink—

"Shall we go and have a snack? for, to tell the truth, I am as hungry as a Kentucky alligator, and have unfurnished apartments inside for more things than one."

"'Go on; I'll follow thee,' as Hamlet said to the ghost," replied Timothy.

"Sir," said Mr. T. Canister, addressing Sir Herbert,

"allow me to hand you my card. There it is, sir, with three sugar loaves in one corner, a coffee mill in the other, a tea-chest at top with a label or motto in very good Latin—Tu Doces—which means, 'Thou tea-chest.'"

Upon this, a still louder laugh stirred "the forest trees with fun;" both parties made towards the Hall, and it was difficult to say which party was the most in good humour. On the one hand, the Lord of the Manor and his friends were determined to carry out the joke as far as practicable; while on the other, Timothy and Tommy were as equally "made up" to "go the whole hog," as Tim rather inelegantly termed it—"and no mistake."

The cavalcade of horse and foot soon came to a fine avenue of trees, which Tom very adroitly likened to the Thames Tunnel, at the end of which a white speck appeared; as they proceeded, the speck became more distinct, and at last resolved itself into the porch and abutments of the Manor House or Hall, as such places are called in Essex. It was a new erection, built in the "olden style" of Elizabethan architecture, abounding in prodigious chimneys, wreathed with spirals, square windows, rounded copings, and stained glass. The party alighted, and the two adventurers were shown into the Hall, in the centre of which stood an enormous billiard table, while the walls were hung with old armour, stags' horns, bugles, and escutcheons, with a few fine old portraits. Tim, whose eye was as quick as Tom's reflection was profound, cast a glance upon the appurtenances of the apartment, and whispered, "I say, Tom,

it's something to be born a gentleman, isn't it? I dare say those shields, and helmets, and breast-plates, and back-pieces, and leggings, and steel gloves, and stocks, belonged to those old gentlemen in the big wigs and flowery waistcoats; and there is a pair of boars' tusks which have ripped up—perhaps some young heir to the estate, or some beautiful young lady; and then look at that 'whapping' battle axe, which has *axed* leave to break many a head—and that long sword like a bullock spit. Depend upon it, this Lord of the Manor must have some very rich blood in his veins; and I dare say his ancestors helped King William the Conqueror to toll the curfew, or King Stephen to pay the crown for his breeches, or King John to sign Magna Charta, or King Harry to play old Harry with the monasteries. Lord! what a treat it must have been to have seen them as we do at 'the Surrey,' slashing about with their glaives, and maces, and swords, and dirks, and battle-axes; and to hear the cracks on the helmets, and the whacks on the shields, and the clashing and the clanging, the ringing and twanging! I wonder if there were any such things as grocers and cheesemongers in those days. I should think it quite impossible; and I tell you what, friend Thomas, when I think of all this—do you know I really wish that I had 'gone to quod' for shooting the rabbit, for I shall never bear to look at the Lord again. Now tell me, are not these Lords of Manors the representatives of the old feudal barons, as I think they were called—who had a right to take alive all the pretty girls—to kill the old women—and to

imprison people in dungeons only for looking at them? I tell you what, Tom, we had better be off—there is nobody to see us—we can cut out of this door, and be out of sight in a jiffy; come, let's be off, there's a good fellow."

Tom, who had remained remarkably taciturn during this somewhat nervous address of his companion, and who had kept hitherto a very grave and blank countenance during the former part of it, looked mighty arch and knowing towards its close, and raising, with the gentlest action possible, the point of his thumb to the tip of his nose, at the same time he gave his little finger an elongation and tremular motion—replied, "Never you fear about the 'blood of the Russells,' or any other such nonsense—seeing isn't believing, I can tell you—all's my eye on earth—there's nothing but what is deceptive; all like the bent stick in the water, or the twinkling of the stars, or the waning of the moon, or the rising of the sun—all—all is gammon. Do you suppose that all these murderous looking things belonged to the ancestral ancestors of Sir Herbert Jopling? Stuff! Why, that very helmet and shield over the door there, and the two old halberds crossed under them, I saw not six months ago at a curiosity shop in Wardour Street. That suit of half armour was hanging up at the corner of a door by the Turnstile in Holborn, for a year and more; and I can swear to it by the hole in the breast plate. These old hall chairs were manufactured in Seven Dials; and, as to the portraits, they are all by the well known painter, Pic-it-uppi—that is

to say, they were picked up in various strolls, amid the ins and outs of the region lying between Princes Street on the south, and St. Giles's Church on the north, in the fag ends of the West End. Therefore, fear—"

"Not,"—he would have said, when Sir Herbert and his male friend Lord Cheverin entered the hall, to apprise them that a cold collation was prepared under a marquee on the lawn, and that they would be glad of the honour of introducing the gentlemen to it. Sir Herbert then most condescendingly offered his arm to Mr. Timothy, and Lord Cheverin did the same "honour" to Tom, who took it without ceremony; and the four thus paired, made their way towards the scene of entertainment, looking, of course, much more droll to the assembled company than they did to themselves.

The marquee was one of the most spacious kind, carpeted, and sofaed, and rout-stooled to perfection; at its extreme end was emblazoned a union jack of large dimensions, and above it, the heraldic bearings and charges of Sir Herbert; festoons of flowers ran on either side, and from the centre hung three lustres. A *déjeuner à la fourchette* was spread out, at which were seated some thirty of the *élite* of the neighbourhood, with lackeys in white gloves, silk stockings, lavender-coloured livery, and with parsley-and-butter collars to their coats, standing and orderly as a row of Russian grenadiers. Music struck up as the new guests entered: "See the conquering hero comes!" Tim remarking, *en passant*, that the last time he heard that tune was at the Egyptian Hall, when he saw General Tom Thumb.

Sir Herbert advanced towards the head of the table and took his place at the centre. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, with a repressed smile, which he disguised by the usual subterfuge of a slight cough, "I have the honour to introduce to this meeting of my friends, two young sportsmen, embryo Lord Mayors, who are, I have no doubt, true conservatives, as they are very fond of my preserves. They are introduced to you, ladies and gentlemen, as the representatives of the city of London, and as scions of that noble and august corporation which is so famous for trade and its commerce, and its love of liberty and turtle. To honour great men, ladies and gentlemen, is to conceive great notions of them; and I have to request as an especial favour, that these two young men 'fresh on the turf,' and no doubt redolent of 'green'—in all its variety of shade, from that of the purest hyson to that of the darkest gunpowder—may be received by you with all the respect due to their proud station in society as citizens of London; and that, under the favourable auspices of their respectable—very respectable presence, and enlivened by their profound sagacity and wit, we may pass this day as becomes those who are met together for the laudable purpose of enjoying ourselves as much as possible."

"Bravo!" said Tim, with a slap on his knee. "That's the best speech that I have heard since I was elected one of the Knights of St. John, of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member."

"Of course then, Sir Knight," rejoined Sir Herbert, "you will favour us with a reply to it."

"On course I will," said Tommy.

The task which Mr. T. Canister imposed on himself on this occasion ought by no means to be considered with any degree of wonder, seeing that he was one of the illustrious members of that chivalric fraternity. Upwards of three years had passed since Tom had been elected, *nem. con.*, a Knight of St. John. He had been clothed in the august mantle, swayed the dignity-giving truncheon, wore the magic helmet, and quaffed the portentous pot of Meux's entire—entirely, which was the crowning ceremony of the installation; and being a Knight, and having had many nights of convivial toasting and sentimentising, and having been very frequently called upon to respond to some kind friend drinking success to the tea trade, or health to Mr. T. Canister—Tom had become somewhat ready with his tongue upon an occasion, although he was generally taciturn and sententious. At the speech of his host, he somehow or other felt as if he rose above himself; and being, what he technically called "in for a good 'un," he dashed off in full speed, and with such expressive volubility as to convince his hearers that he had one of the highest of all gifts—namely—the gift of the gab.

Tom did not rise, because he had never sat down, but he perked up his head an inch or two higher, plucked up his shirt collar and pulled down his wristbands, while he got his cue. At last, fixing his eyes on the chairman, he began:—"Ladies and gentlemen—hem—Ladies and gentlemen: unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, and deeply overpowered as I am by the eulogium pro-

nounced upon me by my worthy friend in the chair, and feeling as I do the importance of the question in a moral and political point of view, and knowing as I do its bearings upon our commerce, our trade, and our happiness, as men and as citizens, and standing as I do upon the vested rights of the city of London, and convinced as I am, that nothing can be more subversive of all monetary faith than a want of cash payments, I am prepared to support my worthy friend in his proposition, and, however humbly and feebly that support may be given, I give it from the bottom of my heart—the very bottom, ladies and gentlemen (immense applause). This, ladies and gentlemen, is the happiest day of my life—the proudest situation in which I have ever had the honour to stand. I feel myself on the pinnacle of fame; and if I should be so happy as to go down to posterity on the wings of your applause, I shall say, ladies and gentlemen, that I have not lived in vain (hear, hear!) Surrounded here by the beauty of rank and fashion, and cheered by the bright eyes and glowing cheeks of the softer sex—that sex of which I am proud to say I am a most ardent, a most enthusiastic, a most devoted admirer,—I stand before you in the spirit of a free-born Englishman, proud in his integrity of principle, and honest in his detestation of that nefarious law called the poor law, and will give my vote and influence in favour of an amendment of that law in all its vile, abominable, and detestable features (hear, hear, hear!) And as regards the bank charter, the bill for the coercion of Ireland, the reduction of the Three per Cents., the in-

come-tax, and the dog emancipation Act, all I have to say is, that I am consistent in the fullest extent of the word. I advocate freedom of commonage, the right of forest, liberty to kill rabbits, and a full, a free, and perfect abrogation of the game laws, which are but the relics of a barbarous feudal system, and not worthy an enlightened community. And in conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, I have to thank you from the bottom of my soul for the honour you have done me in drinking my health, and, in return, I beg to drink all your very good healths."

So saying, Tom took up the nearest decanter, and, pouring out a stoup of Bucellas, gave sundry nods, first to the chairman, and then to his friends on either side. He then took a swig, so long and so copious as to be fully indicative of the fact that "speech-making is dry work," and finished with a smack of the lips, and a deep expiration, highly expressive of gusto.

The entertainment the company felt at this display of native eloquence cannot be described. The loudest applause followed the speech of Tom, and Tim grew bold under it.

"I'll tell you what it is," he said to his companion, giving him a hearty thump on the shoulder; "that's the best speech you ever made in your life, except that at the Eel-pie House, when Mrs. Fitz Wiggins was rescued from the punt that went adrift down the river; but that was a speech! There wasn't a dry eye in the boat that we went home in, was there?"

"No, nor a dry coat, either," said Tom. "But see,

all the company are falling to. Let's show them that our maxillary processes are as good as the *proces verbal.*" So saying, Tom stuck his fork into a chicken, and was about to give his knife a prodigious crushing drive through it, when it fell to pieces, and scattered over the dish, having been already dissected, and very cleverly put together again, according to modern etiquette.

"Now did you ever know such a trick as that? Why, it beats the fun at Hopkins's, where we saw Jim Snoggs eat the ends of candles, and you was taken in with the stone fruit and the carving of the india-rubber plum pudding. I should not wonder at all if half these things were not sham," he said, in an under tone; "but the only thing that puzzles me is, *what they sham,* for I never saw such nondescript eatables in all my born days."

"Never mind what they are," whispered Tim. "They are everlasting good. I got a bit of some sort of sauce just now that made me wish my throat as long as the Thames Tunnel, and every inch of it palate; and as to chewing, I think when some of these things were first invented, people must have been without teeth, or that they were made for old folks, or for some of your fashionables, who have very tender gums sometimes. Some of the morsels melt in your mouth like a snow-flake; others smoulder away into a mere flavour, while fresh ones again put your tongue into an excitable sort of a titillation that make the tears come into your mouth, and thrill you all over, like an aspen; and as to flavour, they appear to me to be a sort of fluxions to the palate, hor-

ribly puzzling, an amalgamation of contradictions, like the Frenchman's punch—a little more brandy to make it too strong, and a little more water to make it too weak, and a little more lemon to make it too sour, and a little more sugar to make it too sweet—so we have a little more pepper to make it too hot, a little more gravy to make it too nice, a little more—"

"Mr. T. Canister, allow me the honour to take wine with you," said a very stout gentleman opposite, with enormous red whiskers, and a white taglioni, which challenge stopped Timothy in his disquisitions.

"Sir," said Thomas, "if it makes no difference to you, perhaps you will be so kind as to take it with our friend here; you see I have my mouth full just now, and besides it would be a pity to spile the exquisite flavour of this what-d'ye-call-it on my plate, which, to say the least, is quite equal to anything I ever discussed in the city. Tim, fill your glass and drink with the gentleman."

"I shan't," said Tim; "don't you think I know manners? Sir," he continued, addressing his challenger, "it is said in my Book of Etiquette, page 41, that it is ungenteel to drink with gentlemen before the ladies have been pledged; and therefore allow me, madam, to take wine with you;" and then Tim turned to the lady next him, filled her glass, and taking his in his hand, looked at her as full in the face as if he would look through her, made his bow, and threw the glass of wine to the back of his mouth. "Now, sir," he added, "I am"—with a look of great triumph—"I am ready for you!"

At this moment, however, one of the old ladies towards the head of the table made a bit of a shuffle, and having risen, all the ladies did the same, the gentlemen also rising, and looking very foolish, as they generally do on such occasions, as if not knowing exactly what to say or do, and with countenances expressing a due mixture of gallant regret, with a proper proportion of *bon vivant* hilarity at exchanging them for the true pleasures of the table. As soon as they had dropped off one by one—the old ones as stately as retiring ganders from a common, the middle-aged ones as formal as middle-age could make them, and the younger ones sideling and bridling and sidelong looking and simpering—then it was that Sir Herbert rose, and with a significant look poured out a bumper, and gave the "Ladies," while the music at the end of the marquee, which had till this time been silent, struck up—

"Oh! let us toast the lasses, O!"

What passed after this toast was far from intelligible. As the wine began to mount to the more noble part of the gentlemen present, each became more or less eloquent, and the shafts of ridicule and contempt, which preconcerted thoughts had intended should have been levelled at the two citizens, fell harmless. There soon came over the whole of the table that topsiturviness in the thoughts of men, that gives reason the cross buttock, and makes propriety look like a fool. The company, who, for the most part, were of the squirearchy of

the neighbourhood, thinly sprinkled with a few titles, first became eloquent upon the ladies, and upon the delights of virtuous wedded love, and of the dangers of all clandestine transactions. And after the ladies in general had been toasted, here and there a lady in particular was brought forward, whose charms, whose accomplishments, and, above all, whose fortune, became the especial object of eulogy. There was Lady Caroline, and the Honourable Miss Cavenplate, and the Sylvan Jewess, and the blue-eyed knight's pawn, and the rich widow of Cripplegate, who bought golden opinions of the bachelors and widowers of the party; and so the glasses went round, till they were sometimes filled a little too full, and overflowed with sympathetic gushes as they passed from the table to the lips. The gentlemen, also, it is to be feared, began to see a little double, and from "joyous" were approaching to "uproarious," in praise of their several dames past, present, and to come—when Timothy, who had been excited by the wine, and inspired by the success of Tom's eloquence, rose up, with the courage of a roused rattlesnake, and having thumped on the table with his fist with the vehemence of a coal-porter in a tap-room, called upon all the gentlemen present to drink the health of Dolly Spraggs, with nine times nine.

"Gentlemen—charge your glasses," said Sir Herbert, "and stand up you that are able, and you that are not, 'keep as you were.'"

"Who the dic-dic-hic-hick-ens is Dolly Spraggs?"

bawled out a gentleman at the opposite end of the table, with a head and hair and beard very much like a black sable muff.

"I con-sider-er that to be an insult upon the gentleman who proposed the toast," replied the gentleman in the red whiskers, as well as he was able, the words dribbling from his mouth as if they were of the last gushings of the spring-well of the soul, indicating a slight paralysis of the lingual muscles. "Do you mean to insult my friend?—every man is my friend that's insulted. That gentleman is insulted—I am insulted—the chairman, our host, is insulted—we are all insulted!" This was followed by a clapping of hands and a confusion of noises, the counterpart of which is only to be found in the House of Commons on certain occasions.

The gentleman who thus took up Tim's cause came round to him and whispered in his ear—"Give it the blackguard; he's no gentleman; I'll back you; everybody is on your side; make them drink the toast: you are not afraid, are you?"

"Me afraid! I should think not. I wasn't born in a wood, to be scared by a howl. I do feel myself a degraded, a debased, an insulted wretch; and if he doesn't drink the toast, he shall swallow a glass of salt-and-water, as they do at the Jerusalem Chamber." With this determined expression, Tim filled his glass till it ran over, and, holding it up as high as he was able, while the precious liquor dripped over his hand and run up the sleeve of his coat, he roared out with stentorian lungs," Here's the health of Dolly Spraggs!"

"I'll see Dolly Spraggs in the sea, before I'll drink her health," said Mr. Macassar; "who the dic-ic-ic-kens is Dolly Spraggs?" and, suiting the action to the word, he threw his glass of wine over his shoulder.

"Who is Dolly Spraggs?" roared a second voice.

"Who is Dolly Spraggs?" roared a third voice.

"Who is Dolly Spraggs?" vociferated a fourth voice.

"Ay, who the deuce is Dolly Spraggs?" reiterated the first voice.

"Who is Dolly Spraggs?" replied Tim as loud as he was able. "She's a very respectable woman. She *was* my nuss when I was a baby. She *is* my washerwoman now; I'm a man; and may the man who refuses to drink his washerwoman's health go out of the world like a soap bubble; that's my sentiment," said Tim, with a tremendous slap on the table.

"A challenge! a challenge!" uttered several voices.

"Did you mean to say, sir," inquired the first gentleman with mock formality, and endeavouring to balance himself by his fore-finger on the table, as he zig-zagged over it, "do you mean to say, sir, that you mean me to be popped out of the world like a soap bubble?"

"Yes, I do, sir," replied Tim, as sharp and wiry as a terrier, "and I have only one request to make on that momentous occasion."

"What is it, sir, what is it?" inquired Mr. Macassar, with an outstretch of his bushy head and beard.

"It is this, sir—that you will leave Dolly Spraggs your wig and beard to stuff the seat of my easy chair."

What might have happened after this "reply

churlish," it is difficult to imagine; but just in this nick of time, the principal footman, who acted as master of the ceremonies, came to announce that the ladies awaited the gentlemen on the archery ground. Hostilities were therefore for that moment suspended, and nothing further was attempted on either side by the opponents than the exchange of cards, which was hastily performed, and after the following manner.

Mr. Macassar—"Sir, this insult must be made the subject of another meeting; I have seen many gross men in my time, but in all my experience, I have never seen such a grocer-man before."

"What's that he says?" inquired Tom, springing up and elevating his head and putting his arms a-kimbo. "He has never seen a grocer! I'll have him to know that *I am a grocer*, and what if I am?—a grocer is as good as an *ile* merchant any day; and there is *my* card," he continued, throwing one across the table; "I am not ashamed of it, any more than I am of my friend, and there is *his* card," which he threw in defiance in the same manner. "Two fat hams and a ripe stilton are things to be as proud of as a bloody hand and a bloody dagger or any other black-pudding affair."

The fracas ended with this last wind-up of Mr. T. Canister, and the whole party moved towards the archery ground. Several of the gentlemen crowded round Tom and Tim, and professed to admire their spirit and independent bearing, and made offers of support in the quarrel. One most zealous friend of the youths told them that Mr. Macassar was a great coward and would

never be brought to fight, and advised Tom above all things to accept the challenge. Tim, warmed by the wine, and being persuaded by first one and then the other, that it was his duty to assert the rights of the city, being the only citizen excepting Tom present, and feeling that having been called upon to take his place among gentlemen, he ought to "demean himself as such" he professed himself ready to fight, with gun or pistol, broad-sword, small-sword, or sand-bag, at any time, at any place, or in any manner; and thus the two sportsmen were admired for their indomitable "pluck," how much soever they might be sneered at for their city breed and manners.

In this state of things the gentlemen one and all reached the spot appropriated for an archery ground, being a spacious lawn surrounded on all sides but one, which led to a broad expanse of water, by tall cedars and the full clustering of the graceful Arbele poplar. Targets had been placed in the midst at proper distances, and the fair archers stood ready with their bows strung, and the fairest of them in vests of Lincoln green, and flowing scarfs, which added not a little to their charms, while the grace several of them displayed in drawing the shaft, their sweet faces and bright eyes, made every fair lady her own Cupid, and hearts were pierced as well as targets, as they usually are on such occasions.

"Twang!" "Well aimed, lady Caroline! The second circle! Mark her ladyship's fire," said Lord William Swapham. "Again another fire, upon my honour! Excellent! excellent! Lady Caroline, you are a perfect

Amazon! What a pity that we no longer fight with the bow and arrow! Then would Lady Caroline be in her element. Again on the very edge of the bull's-eye, I declare! on my honour, Lady Caroline, I shall worship you."

"My lord, my lord!" replied her ladyship, as she threw down her instruments. "You are really the most supreme archer with the long bow that ever I knew."

Several other ladies now with tremulous hands and beating hearts essayed their skill, and Tommy and Timothy enjoyed themselves amazingly for some time, till at last the ladies retired into the mansion and the gentlemen sauntered about, till the concert should begin. While the adventurers were wondering at the events of the day, and congratulating each other at their extraordinary luck, and consulting as to the propriety of "cutting it short," as Tim called it, and of getting away with decency, a gentleman, whom Tom recognized as sitting close to Mr. Macassar at dinner, accompanied by another, came forward from amongst the trees, and approaching the young men with the very quintessence of politeness, begged leave to speak a few words with Tim, and which leave being granted by the said person's ready reply, "By all means, what's the ticket?" the gentleman begun—

"Sir, you cannot plead ignorance of the gross insult you offered to the Right Honourable Augustus Fitz Macassar. I therefore wait on you for the purpose of demanding an instant apology or immediate satisfaction."

This neat sentence was concluded with a very polite bow.

"You do, do you?" said Tim—"and what does the gentleman mean by an apology?"

"To withdraw the offensive expressions."

"How the deuce can I withdraw what I once said? I can't unsay my own words, can I? It popped out; and therefore I suppose if it won't pop in, I must make up my mind to be popped off, isn't that it?"

The gentleman again bowed, and requested Tim to name a friend.

"Here's my friend," said Tim, putting his hand on Tom's shoulder. "A boy that understands something of 'gunpowder,' don't you, Tom?"

"Then, sir," resumed the gentleman, addressing Tom, "satisfaction must be given instantly, behind the grove yonder. Will you name the weapons?"

"Fistycuffs for me," interjected Tim, giving Tom a sly dig in his short ribs; but Tom drew aside with the second of his opponent a few paces, and seemed to be completely puzzled by his new situation. He by no means wished his day's sport to come off either with the shooting of a gentleman or the losing of his friend, and had some very unvalorous notions, not of *popping* but of *cutting*.

"It was only a joke," said Tom to the second. "Tim is as good-tempered a chap as you'd meet between Hyde Park Corner and Whitechapel turnpike. What's the harm in saying he should like his easy chair to be

stuffed with a beard? I knew a lady once who said she should like to kill all the chaps that wore these nasty, black, ily, curly, stinking beards, and stuff a sofa with 'em. I knew another lady—the lady whose health your friend very ungenteelly refused to drink—who said, she should like to make hair lines of the beards, and clothes' props of the wearers; but what is that? they don't mean it, and Tim did not mean it; and, to show that he didn't, I know for a fact that he hasn't got an easy chair, so what's the good of fighting about it? You go and make my compliments to the gentleman, and tell him, that when the wine's in the wit's out; tell him to forget and forgive, and not to make a fuss about nothing."

"Sir," said the second, drawing himself up so as to look three or four inches taller, and a good deal more pompous—"Sir, your reply is an insult offered to me, and unless you and your friend repair immediately to the back of the grove, to afford the satisfaction of a gentleman, you may be prepared to be *stripped, tarred,* and *feathered,* and sent home to Little Britain like two nincompoops, poltroons, and cowards, as you are." So saying the gentleman turned upon his heel and was lost among the trees.

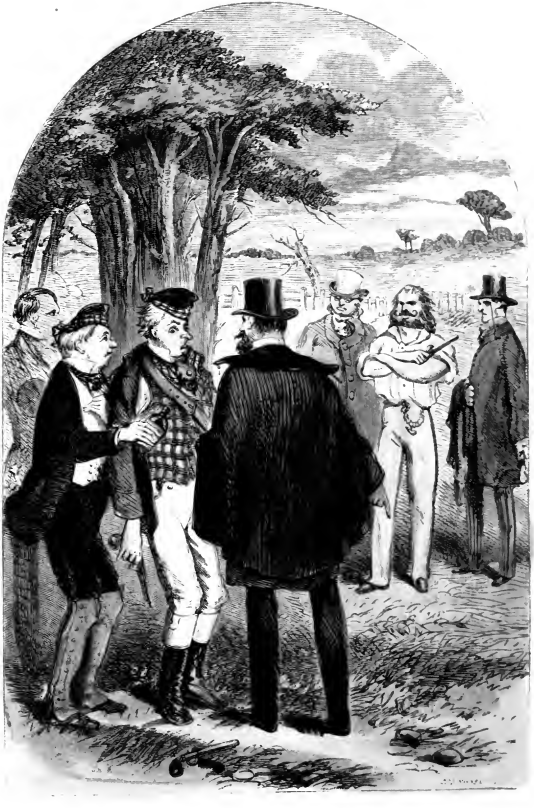
"What's that?" said Tom, having heard something of the sentence referring to stripping, tarring, and feathering, which was by no means given in a low key. "*Stripped, tarred,* and *feathered!* I should like to know who is to strip me. Let 'em try to take the moon by the horns, or knock down the great wall

of China, or measure the spectre of the Brocken for a new pair of tights; but they won't strip me, I can tell you." So saying he walked up and down the grassy space under what the novelist would call the "perturbation of agitated feelings," which can be more easily "imagined than described."

A posse of the gentlemen visitors now appeared, who made their way towards the sportsmen, the foremost being the gentleman in the red whiskers, who had so kindly interested himself in Tim's behalf in the marquee. Addressing the hero, he said, "You have done well to fight him, sir; I applaud your spirit; I will stand by you to the last drop of my blood. I have already sent for a surgeon for your sake. You shall have my pistols, seven barrels, hair triggers, and all that; and if you do not drill a crevice in his ribs for the daylight to shine through, as Captain Warner did in the 'John of Gaunt,' you will be most prodigiously to blame."

Tim had made up his mind to fight, and began to be inspired with a sense of the notoriety which would attend him on the affair becoming known, and the reputation he should obtain for courage if he stood fire. This smouldering sense of incipient bravery was fanned into a flame by the big blast of the red-whiskered gentleman, who, taking Tim's arm, poured out a flood of eloquence upon him that almost took his breath away.

"Your chance," he said, "my dear sir, is worth ten thousand pounds. I would give the world for such a chance. Think on the sublime delight you must feel at knowing perhaps that on the day after to-morrow,



perhaps to-morrow evening, your high sense of honour, extraordinary courage, and noble daring, will be echoed from one end of Great Britain to the other—that in a few short days it will be borne to the uttermost ends of the earth—that the columns of the 'Times,' the 'Standard,' the 'Morning Chron.,' and the 'Morning Ad.,' will be redolent with the account. 'Fracas in High Life'—'Duel'—'Another Account'—'From our own Correspondent'—'Latest Particulars'—and further particulars in a second edition. Why, sir, you will be a lion at all parties for a year to come—you will be shown forth as the defender of female purity—the heroic asserter of woman's rights, the knight of ladies' hearts, and the women, the blessed, dear, darling, delightful women, will worship you. You appear at the opera; in a moment every double glass is levelled at you from every box, like so many blunderbusses, point blank. Think of the concentration of a thousand pair of bright eyes or so, upon your blushing phiz! Think of the greetings in the lobby; the cordial shakings of the hand—the numerous 'invites'—the—the heaven, the elysium, the overpowering sensations that will attend, pervade, surround, and enshrine you on every side! Heaven on earth! No waistcoats with spring waistbands could stand it. By everything that is human, by all that is bright and beautiful, you have, my dear sir, a chance of immortality that makes me envy you."

"Why, as for that," replied Tim, "I suppose a good deal of it depends upon whether I am not killed. If I should happen to be popped off, it would be impossible

for me to amuse the opera folks, and if I should happen to 'bring down' that cockatoo, I think it is very likely it will be necessary for me to make myself exclusively, particularly, and peculiarly scarce. But you don't mean to say that them's the pistols. I really thought it was a fiddle-case. One, two, and powder and shot. I wonder if this is a dream or no, for confound me if I know what to make of it." And here Tim rubbed his eyes, and looked at Tom as if to be resolved in his difficulty. "This *is* coming out a shooting!"

"The ground is measured, gentlemen, and the principal waits," said the gentleman who officiated as second on the other side, and who now abruptly made his appearance in the throng. "Twelve paces, full measure."

The whole party moved forward, and Tim and Tom were carried with them in the rush, without time for further consideration; they passed through a narrow grove or shrubbery, and in a few minutes found themselves in an open field, where stood at its very centre, the Honourable Mr. Macassar, with his arms folded on his breast, his hair hanging back, his coat off, and his whole figure expressing desperation of some kind.

When Tim saw his man, a chill ran through his frame, and he fancied that he did not stand quite so firm on terra firma; "but," said he to himself, "it shall never be said that a cockney wanted pluck." Then his thoughts recurred to the situation of his father, and to how the shop would get shut up if he was killed, who would caudle the eggs, scrape the butter, make the "middlings," and perform those numerous other busi-

ness duties which ever devolve upon the more active of every establishment. But he would not suffer his mind to dwell upon it; and looking with great anxiety upon Tom, he said, "Stick by me, Tom, won't you? and if you happen to have the brandy bottle in your pocket give us a thimbleful, for I feel somehow just as I did when I went down to Margate in the steamer."

Tom was ready with the brandy flask; and after the hero had taken a sup, he seemed to be a little bit revived, and the colour came into his cheeks. In the meantime Mr. Macassar had been put in his proper position, and stood as stiff as a may-pole to be shot at, resembling one of those scarecrows which we occasionally see in cherry orchards. The pistols were being loaded by some of the party, who crowded together in a little circle close by, and Tim was at last called to take his place. The call had an electric effect on him, and brought back again the ashy banner into his cheeks. This was noticed by Tom, who immediately applied the brandy flask to his mouth, and absolutely poured the liquor down his throat, without an effort on the part of Tim either to swallow or refuse it, so totally unconscious seemed he to everything but to the fearful rencounter about to commence.

"Keep up your pluck," said Tom, patting him on the back. "Screw yourself sideways, bend your knees a little, and make an acute angle with your left hip, and he can't hit you."

Tim was now placed in a right line with his adversary. The ground was again measured between the two, whe-

ther for the sake of exactness, or to prolong the farce now acting, need not be questioned. Be this as it might, it had the effect to give Tim time for reflection, and to make him bend his hams, and bob up and down as if he found it extremely difficult to stand, equally uncomfortable to sit, and by no means politic to lie down. An audible groan escaped him, and when the pistol was delivered, he quivered like a dish of blanc mange. But he did take it, yet the hand that held it, and the arm that should have supported it, fell limp and dead by his side. His knees flexed, his mouth opened, his eyes glared, his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, his ears tingled, his hair stiffened like that of an electrical head, and such a prodigious pain took the poor fellow across the small of his back, that he stood half doubled up, as if he had been suddenly seized with an attack of cramp in the stomach.

"Now, gentlemen, make ready," said the gentleman in the red whiskers; "when the word is given—fire."

"Stop, stop, stop, a bit," said Tom; "don't be in such a tremendous hurry. Let's have all fair. I do not think this a fair match, to put Tim, a spare, short, thin, diminutive, Tom Thumb sort of a man, agin such a tall, stout, big, walloping chap as that; and therefore, by your leave, gentlemen, I shall place them more upon an equal footing before they murder each other." So saying, Tom took out his pocket-handkerchief, and taking the measure of Tim across the chest with it, he passed towards his opponent, and having applied it to his burly person across the chest, also took out a piece

of chalk and chalked down a line on each side. Then returning to the spot where the second and his friends stood, he pointed to the two lines, and begged that all the shots which might take effect on the outside of these several lines might be allowed to go for nothing.

Whether this act, although meant in kindness to Tim, was likely to have the effect intended, is not known; but somehow or other, Tim thought it greatly in his favour, and therefore began to take courage. He raised his arm, and endeavoured to take aim; his opponent did the same. Just at the moment, however, that one! two! three! was given, Tim suddenly bobbed in his hams and heels, and slewed himself round, with such nimble ingeniousness, as to present little to his opponent but the spine end of his very spare angular hip. When Mr. Macassar fired, Tim dropped fairly on his beam ends; and feeling the danger to be over, he very deliberately swang himself round on his natural pivot, and, levelling his pistol upon his knees, which stood parallel with his nose, returned his fire, and his opponent fell.

The seconds now ran towards the fallen man, and Tom with them. "He's killed," said the gentleman with the red whiskers. "He is killed," said his own second. Another felt his pulse and said, "It is all over." The blood, too, trickled from his waistcoat. "'Tis a foul murder!" said one. "'Tis a massacre!" said another. "Let us shoot the villain!" said a fourth. "Let us give him in charge to the police!" said a fifth. Hearing all this, Tom run back to his friend, crying out, "Cut,

Tim, cut; run for your life; this way, this way;" and away the sportsmen run, they knew not whither, till at last they found themselves at the back of the mansion, where they met a man-servant.

"My good fellow," said Tom, "I'll give you half-a-crown if you will fetch our guns out of the hall."

The man did as he was bid; and, having obtained possession of their fowling-pieces, the two fugitives made a sudden bolt through a holly fence, dashed through a moat, cleared a quickset hedge on the other side, scampered over a field, another hedge, a ditch, through a close, over a furze copse, till at last they found themselves abroad upon the forest.

Breathless, covered with sweat, mud, dust, and scratches, these two poor fugitives appeared in a most pitiable plight. Tim stuck the stock of his gun on the ground, and holding himself up by it, with his other hand placed on his side, vowed he could run no farther if a legion of fiends was after him. Tom, no less exhausted, threw himself down on the turf, and cried, "Hist—listen!" and called upon his companion to creep under the fern that grew beside them. And here for a while they lay panting. Presently the clank of chains broke upon the silence. Tim curled up at the sound like a hedgehog, and ejaculated, "Here comes the policeman with the 'darbies!'" another clink—clank—again. "Run, run for your life!" said Tom, and, jumping up, was going to make another bolt, when the loud, melodious voice of a jackass, thrilling with all those elegant and natural cadences so common to this animal, broke suddenly

upon his ear; and there stood the beast within a few yards with open mouth, chained legs, and laid ears, making the woods echo with his Brahamatic solo.

Before the fugitives could congratulate each other upon their mistake, or had time to descant upon the "gyves" or manacles the poor beast had on its fore-feet, another bray, long and loud, and ending in notes considerably below the range of the gamut, took up the burden of the first—northwards. Before this was finished, another broke from the confines of the woody east. This done, a third rose from the west, and these were followed by music of the same kind from every part of the compass, in solos, in parts, madrigals, fugues, cantatas, el penseroso, el doloroso, C major, C minor, triple time, common time, affetuoso, crescendo, sotto voce, presto, and piano, ending with a univeral chorus, which roused snakes from their holes, made frogs thrust their noses a few more lengths out of the water and listen, which made the cows in the various pools cease to lash the flies with their tails for the brief space of half a minute, and which stopped even pigs in their peregrinations, and made them take up straws in their mouths and look in the wind's eye, as if a storm was brewing.

The thing was too droll not to be relished by our heroes. Tom called out, "Well, I am blessed if this isn't the finest thing that ever I heard out of Exeter Hall. Did you ever? go it, my beauties!" and then, to show how much he entered into the spirit of the thing, he gave a he-haw himself, with so much fidelity and pathos that

it was mainly instrumental in prolonging the concert to which allusion has been made, and which may be said to beggar description.

It was a lucky thing for the poor fellows that a sup of brandy was left in the canteen of Mr. Timothy; for it was now a true restorative cordial, equal to any Daffy's Cordial or Dalby's Carminative. They partook of it as shipwrecked mariners are said to do, or very much after the manner of those gentlemen who inhale the laughing gas, who are well known to keep the bladder to their lips with a convulsive energy and tenacity indicating that they like it. Thus they both became fresh-cocked; and, as the brandy warmed the stomach, a certain valorosity of feeling stole upwards to their heads, and Tim had the audacity to brag of having killed his man, and to say in somewhat irregular language that he "don't care a button for all the policemen in the universe."

Tom, equally restored from the effects of fright, leaped upon his legs, and began to charge his gun with alacrity —vowing and declaring that, as Tim had brought down his game, he was determined not to leave the forest till he also had had a slap at something. And away they both started in a somewhat zig-zag direction towards Hainhault Forest, congratulating themselves that they were quite out of the track of all pursuit; and feeling, as Tim said, "equal to anything—fearful of nothing;" and determined—desperately determined—to bag some game, or die in the attempt.

Many were the looks of fierce desire upon stray geese or pigs which occasionally met them; and it was with

difficulty that, as Tim expressed it, that he could prevent his piece from going off of its own accord. Great temptations were presented in duck ponds, which it required all the philosophy of the Mechanics' Institution to subdue, and all the theology of Highbury Barn and Richmond Hill to enable them to withstand. And so they passed on, in that no very enviable state of feeling in which desire says, "Do a thing," and prudence says, "Better not;" where a man may be said to hang between heaven and earth; and, according to the German spiritualism, is pulled upwards by angels, and downwards by demons—a state by no means enviable at any time, and in this particular instance perfect torture.

How blessed did these two young men think themselves, when a course seemed to present itself which relieved them from all difficulties of conscience, and tended to remove at once their scruples. A farm-yard lay before them; and there were aquatics and land animals of great variety; a range of cowsheds on one side, stables on the other, haystacks on the third, a brick wall and gate on the fourth; lounging over which said gate stood a jolly old farmer, with his slouched hat, and crabbed stick, knobbed and gnarled; and with his oak-apple face glowing with a reddish brown, and patches of clear white. The old buck seemed deeply entranced with the prospect before him—a savoury horse pond, swarming with such a prodigious number of live insects—the gorgona worm especially—as to give it the colour of blood, and the smell of the

most genuine guano—a squish-squash pool of mud, dung, pea haulms, and a rich hill of manure, on which a dozen or two turkeys stretched out their long-bony-old-maidish-looking-necks; and an old alderman Bubblejock looked as fierce, and as gay, and as dignified, as Mohammed Ali, in his blue nightcap and three tails. The old man took also within the range of his optics a score of pigs, young and frisking, running about in all "sorts of places," occasionally rubbing their backs on the edges of open doors, the rough projections of brick walls, and the corners of troughs, to experience that delicious feeling which King James said "was too good for a subject." While their more staid and matronly parent lay on her side grunting, in the "thick and slab" glories of the place, and too entranced with its beauties to wish for anything else in this best of all possible worlds, except, perhaps, an unfortunate young duckling now and then—which of course might be bolted without knowing it—or a stray young turkey or two, or, as a *bon bouche*, a young baby—which the materni pigi have been known occasionally to take for "a whet," as the French do omelettes. He (that is the old farmer, leaning over the gate) looked upon the little lake—a sort of Red Sea in miniature—where ducks disported in all the innocence which the gobblers up of live frogs and dead kittens can possibly enjoy; and round the borders of which an old hen walked backwards and forwards in a state of perturbation, equal to that of Kean when he used to deliver the famous soliloquy, "Now is the winter

of our discontent," in old Drury, keeping up a perpetual clucking, which might have been interpreted for that soliloquy, interlarded with a scream and a scratch and a peck and a croak, and embellished with the action of a puffed-up neck and out-stretched trailing wing—for she had unchristianly been set to set upon ducks' eggs, instead of her own proper machinery of incubation; and had, of course, all the grief of a mother, whose boys run away to sea, when she wishes for the delightful privilege of scratching for them on shore. The old farmer seemed particularly entranced by this, and eyed it as a rat-catcher's dog would a sink hole—a doctor, a new comer in a neighbourhood—a duffer, a green looking gentleman fresh from the country—or as a spider does a fly buzzing over his web, not exactly with the same feelings, but with the same fixed expression of eye; in which, however, a dash of good humour twinkled like the sunlight on the ripple of some clear brook.

Tim and Tom came up to the gate, and leaned over it in the same manner. They also took a glance at the beauties, the life and animation of the farm-yard, and their hearts beat responsive to the cackling of geese, the quacking of ducks, the squeaking of pigs, and the gobble, gobble, gobble of old Bubblejock.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" said Tom, "I should like to gobble some of your interesting progeny. I say, old Chawbacon," said he to the farmer, "what will you take for half-a-dozen shots at anything I like?"

The old man turned and looked upon the youths with

some degree of surprise, and after having eyed them from top to toe, said very deliberately, "Why, I'll take half-a-sovereign, and you may take three shots apiece."

"Done!" said Tim.

"Done!" said Tom.

"Put in No. 6," said Tim.

"Give the old boy the half sovereign," said Tom; "I'll pay my half when I get home."

So the old man took the half sovereign, after being assured it was full weight, and put it into his mouth for its better security, continuing to lean over the gate with the same steadfastly attentive expression of countenance.

In a moment, Tim let fly into a knot of the young turkeys which had just clustered round their father, grandfather, and great grandfather, which the Bubblejock united in one person. Four of the poor creatures fell, two never to rise again, and two only to rise with maimed wings and a broken leg or so. At the same time, Tom fired most valorously at the brood of young ducks, just emerging from the pond, and several were seen making ducks and drakes in the water. Both immediately recharged, and without stopping to pick up their game, let fly together, and pigs squeaked and fell and run and screamed, as if they were going to be murdered, and one in particular fell down as dead as Julius Cæsar, while others ran bleeding to their mamma, who rose up with a ferocious open mouth at the sportsmen. A third volley laid *hors de combat*, as the French would

say, a gallant old cock and several of the more favoured ladies of his seraglio, and scattered their feathers high in air. Then screamed a peacock in the high shrill music which is only to be equalled by the pibroch of a Highland bagpipe. Then barked the dog to the crack and rattle of his chain, as he plunged towards the intruders, and then grinned the old man, rubbing his hands, not by any means with the sedateness of Lady Macbeth in the sleeping scene, but very much as if he enjoyed the sport.

"There! what do you think of that, old Baconface?" said Tim; "don't you call that science?"

"What do you think of that for a ten shillings' worth?" added Tom. "Isn't that a good day's work?"

The old man still continued to grin, and his chin wagged over his breast with the delight he experienced, like some burly alderman's nose as he trots to Change.

"What do you think of that?" said Tom again; "don't you call that slaughter?"

"Noa, I douant call ot anything; it's noaught to me, *they bean't moion!*"

At the same moment that this notable notification was made, the real farmer and owner of the farm came up in a towering passion, with five or six men at his heels, armed with pitchforks, clothes-props, flails, and hedge-stakes, and rushed upon the sportsmen, whom they immediately overpowered.

"I say, old Baconface," uttered Tim, with a look as inexpressible as his feelings, and only softened from fury

by the drollery of the event, "I am thinking that you have done us this time."

"And oi om thunkin—"

"You think, old Baconface! what can you think? you are not worth a thought," rejoined Tom, with a look in which the theory of revenge was blended with the impracticability of taking it—"you thinking!"

"Ees; I wor thunkin that moy *beacon* face and your *carwes* head ud make good hash!"

With this last observation as a wind-up, Tom and Tim were conveyed away to the farm, where, after sundry explanations, a bill was made out after the following fashion:—

To shooting

	£	s.	d.
2 pigs	0	10	0
4 ducks	0	8	0
1 cock	0	4	6
3 hens	0	10	0
3 turkeys, young uns .	0	12	0
2 ditto, old uns . . .	0	18	0
	£3	2	6

To which, upon payment, the farmer was content to write

"Settled"—

expressive both of the state of the defunct and of the account.

This settlement sobered our heroes, and they bent their steps homeward, not indeed dejected, for they were allowed to carry home their game, and in the ensuing days, for a week afterwards, they had boiled sucking pigs, stewed ducks, broiled turkeys, chicken broth, and hen pie to their hearts' content; and the first of September was "remembered" in the alleys of Little Britain.

THE END.

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THE

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